

THE LONDON REVIEW

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 305.—VOL. XII.]

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

[PRICE 4d.
Stamped, 5d.

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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

M R. GLADSTONE made his annual financial statement on Thursday evening. Other budgets have dealt with more exciting topics, and have contained proposals of more immediate popularity. But few have had a more important bearing upon the permanent soundness of our finances, or have done more credit to the statesmanlike foresight and courage of their author. The right hon. gentleman commenced by stating that there was a surplus of £1,330,000 upon the year 1865-6. The reductions of taxation made last year have resulted in a certain loss to the revenue; but, upon the whole, the effect of the policy then pursued has been satisfactory, and has furnished fresh proof of the elasticity of our finances under the system which has been followed in recent years. The estimated expenditure for the year 1866-7 is £66,225,000, being an increase, as compared with last year, of £78,000; while the estimated revenue is £67,575,000. The expenditure is ranged under the following heads:—Funded and unfunded debt, £26,140,000; consolidated fund, £1,880,000; army, £14,095,000; navy, £10,400,000; collection of revenue, £5,003,000; packet service, £821,000; miscellaneous estimates, £7,886,000. Comparing the expenditure with the income for the coming year, there will, therefore, be a surplus of £1,350,000 to dispose of. Although this is not so large a surplus as we have had in some years, it must be recollect that it would have been much larger had it not been forestalled by the measures of last year, the full effect of which has still to be felt. The proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in regard to the disposition of the surplus are few and simple. He will abolish the duty on timber and pepper, equalize the duties on wine in wood and in bottles, and reduce the mileage charge on omnibuses and stage-carriages from 1d. to ½d. a mile. He intends, moreover, to lower and rearrange the post-horse duty, in such a manner as to place the smaller job-masters on a more equal footing than at present in regard to the larger. The whole subject of the taxes on locomotion, including those on railways, he admits are well deserving of consideration; but he pointed out that it was scarcely possible to review it completely until the Royal Commission on railways, now sitting, has rendered its report. The various reductions and alterations above enumerated will, in the opinion of the Chancellor, absorb about half a million of his surplus, and beyond these he does not intend to go in that direction. The present budget will therefore leave the income tax untouched, and will not affect any of the principal sources of customs and excise revenue. We now come to the most important part of the budget. The subject of national indebtedness is hardly one susceptible of eloquent or lively treatment; but Mr. Gladstone

drew a striking and a mournful picture of the financial embarrassments which almost every civilized country is preparing for itself by the reckless resort to borrowing in time of peace. To such an extent is this going on, that, if the nine principal countries on the continent of Europe proceed at the rate at which they are now accumulating debt until the end of the present century, they will then owe no less than 4,000 millions, and that without the intervention of war. The case of England is not indeed so bad as this; but a retrospect extending over the last fifty years is far from satisfactory. During the long peace extending from the battle of Waterloo to the Crimean war, we made but a comparatively small inroad into the bulk of our national debt; and since that war we have only succeeded in getting back to the position which we occupied before it broke out. Taking up the argument of Mr. Mill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer dwelt upon the duty of not handing down our present load of debt to a posterity who may not possess our resources, in consequence of the exhaustion of our coal treasure; and he contended with great force that our fiscal system, although far from perfect, was now placed on such a footing that it was imperative upon us to look to those who will come after us, as well as to an alleviation of our own burthens. The present, he observed, was a peculiarly favourable time for entertaining a scheme for reducing the debt, since in the course of next year terminable annuities to the amount of £500,000 will fall in. By availing himself of this resource, and by appropriating to the same purpose another half-million out of the surplus of the present year, he gains a fund of a million per annum, which he will employ in the conversion of Stock amounting to 39½ millions (including 24 millions of Savings Banks deposits) into annuities terminating in 1885. A further development and prolongation of this operation of converting stock into terminable annuities, will result, in the course of the following twenty years, in a still further diminution of our liabilities. Of course this will not interfere with the reduction of the debt which is now going on by the application of the surplus revenue to that purpose. So that by the two processes combined we may fairly hope (if no war should compel us again to become borrowers) that by the end of forty years a very considerable impression will have been made upon the National Debt. After providing for the reductions on taxation which we have already mentioned, and setting aside the half-million for the conversion of stock, Mr. Gladstone retains a surplus of about £300,000 for the current year. Although we might have wished to see some other taxes dealt with, we cannot pretend to say that this surplus is unduly large; and we certainly know of no fiscal object, at present before us, which is equal in importance to a substantial, though by no means a very large, measure for the reduction of our debt.

The debate on the second reading of the Reform Bill was concluded on Saturday morning, between three and four o'clock. The division was one of the largest that ever took place in the House of Commons, and the announcement of the numbers was followed by a scene of excitement such as is rarely witnessed in that arena. No one can be surprised that such was the case, for the occasion was one to excite the strongest feelings on both sides of the House, and the discussion had been throughout one of the highest interest and the most stimulating character. The speeches delivered during Friday evening were indeed, with a single exception, rather below than above the general level of the debate. Lord Cranborne was not so forcible, and was far less piquant than usual, and after he sat down, mediocrities reigned supreme, until Mr. Disraeli rose at half-past ten o'clock. The right hon. member for Bucks was argumentative, ingenious, and elaborate, but even his friends admit that he was laboured and tedious. It is true that towards the close of his speech he became more animated as he addressed himself to the personalities of which he is so great a master. But he was not so happy as usual even in this his favourite vein. There was something strained and forced in his attack upon the Liberal leaders; and he committed a more than usually grave debating blunder in taunting Mr. Gladstone with the anti-reforming opinions which he held as an undergraduate of Oxford thirty-five years ago. To that taunt indeed we owe one of the finest passages in the noble speech with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer closed the debate. We do not believe that speeches, however eloquent, influence materially the division on a great party question. But if ever there was one which ought to have done so, it was this magnificent piece of earnest, elevated, persuasive oratory. On no previous occasion that we can recollect has Mr. Gladstone done such ample justice to his splendid talents. His address was free from all the faults which often mar the effect of his great powers; it was distinguished in an unusual degree by the merits which have long marked him as the first Parliamentary orator of the day. The House listened with wrapt attention to the fine passage in which he described his relations to the Liberal party, and to the still more admirable peroration in which he expressed with exquisite felicity of language his firm confidence in the ultimate triumph of Reform. The tumultuous cheers amidst which he sat down were not merely those of a party. They were the unanimous expression of that generous admiration with which an assembly of English gentlemen never fails to honour a display of genius and eloquence such as that which had enchain'd the unflagging attention of the House for more than two hours at the close of a protracted debate, and far into the small hours of an April morning. The effect of that speech will not be, indeed it has not been, confined to the Palace of Westminster. It has raised the hopes of the friends of Parliamentary Reform throughout the country, and has confirmed the confidence which true Liberals of whatever shade of opinion were previously ready to place in Earl Russell's Ministry. That confidence has been still further strengthened by the announcement that the Cabinet intend to persevere strenuously with their measure, notwithstanding the narrow majority by which Earl Grosvenor's amendment was defeated; and we cannot doubt that the country will respond heartily to the appeal which Mr. Bright has always made for an earnest expression of public opinion in favour of Ministers who are honestly and manfully doing their duty to the popular cause.

We must dismiss somewhat summarily the other proceedings in Parliament during the last few days, although they might well have arrested our attention if the public interest were not centred on so absorbing a question as that of Parliamentary Reform. The Government Bill for the Amendment of the Law relating to Capital Punishment has been read a second time in the House of Lords after a feeble protest from the Earl of Malmesbury in favour of the great scandal of public executions which this measure will abolish. Mr. Chichester Fortescue has introduced a Bill for the improvement of the Law of Landlord and Tenant in Ireland, which appears to be a liberal, and promises to be a useful, measure. In saying this, we cannot, indeed, overlook the fact that its most important provision, which gives to ejected tenants compensation for unexhausted improvements made without the consent of their landlords, may be rendered nugatory if the latter resort to the device of extorting from

the former written agreements not to enforce their claims. But we trust that public opinion will prevent so unworthy an attempt to defeat the operation of an essentially just law; and, if that be the case, we have little doubt that the relations between the territorial and the agricultural classes in the sister country will be mutually improved by the Government Bill, should it fortunately become law.

It is with deep regret that we see the last hopes of maintaining peace in Europe fading away with the receipt of every fresh batch of telegrams. The danger which we thought had been averted in Germany has only been removed in order to become still more threatening on the side of Italy. The Austrian armaments in Venetia have aroused a spirit in Italy which has already brought the two countries to the verge of war. Troops are being hurried, on both sides, towards the banks of the Po, and the language of the statesmen of each country breathes nothing but defiance. In point of fact, there is no doubt that matters are in that state that the slightest accident might precipitate a conflict, which, once begun, would speedily extend over a large part of Europe. For although Prussia at present professes to be pacifically inclined, no one can believe that Count von Bismarck has in reality abandoned his ambitious designs. He has unquestionably had the principal share in inducing the Government of Victor Emmanuel to make the warlike preparations which have aroused the fears and suspicions of Austria. And although we do not know the exact relations which subsist between the Cabinets of Florence and Berlin, no one entertains any doubt that they are practically those of offensive and defensive alliance. The whole course of recent events leads irresistibly to the conclusion that there is a deliberate plot on the part of these two Cabinets to provoke Austria into some aggressive movement of which they may take advantage. Nor can we help fearing that there is a third party to the conspiracy. It is perfectly incredible that the Italian statesmen should have gone so far as they have done without obtaining the consent of the Emperor Napoleon; perhaps even without securing his assistance under certain contingencies, and on certain conditions. And we have only to observe the silence of the *Moniteur* and the language of the semi-official newspapers of Paris to arrive at a reasonable conviction that this is the case. A word from his Imperial Majesty would prevent war; and that word he has not pronounced, and, if the journals which his Ministers inspire speak the truth, he will not. When we recollect that he once said, "If France is satisfied, the world is at peace," we can only conclude that France, as represented by him, is not satisfied, and that war is to give her something which she wants. The crisis is evidently one which is very inadequately described as perilous.

In a recent letter the *Times'* correspondent in the United States gives us a remarkable account of an interview he has had with Mr. Johnson. Apart from its personal interest as throwing light upon the character of the President, this communication is valuable for the indications it affords as to his future policy. It is plain that he is neither discouraged nor disheartened by the passing of the Civil Rights Bill over his veto, and that he still intends to oppose with all his power the measures of the Radical party. The stand he has taken upon the principle that the Southern States have never been out of the Union, and that they therefore still possess their old "state-rights" he will evidently maintain with all the resources at his command, and with all the firmness and courage which belongs to his character. Under these circumstances it is almost impossible that some further collision between him and the Legislature should be long averted; and indeed, we learn that the Radicals are already preparing to push their recent victory. At present, however, there is a pause in the contest, and the domestic politics of the United States possess no features calling for notice. There is reason to think that the Cabinet of Washington has committed itself to a decisive line of action in regard to Mexico; for it is understood that their Minister at Vienna has been instructed to declare that the despatch of Austrian volunteers to the assistance of Maximilian would be regarded as a *casus belli*. This is only what might have been expected, but that circumstance does not diminish the regret with which we hear of a step that will probably be fatal to the only Government under which Mexico has of recent years had the least chance of emerging from a chronic state of anarchy. It is with very different feelings that we are at last able to announce that the Government of the

United States is taking effectual measures to prevent Fenian incursions into the British North American provinces. There is no doubt that General Meade, who has been despatched to Eastport will do his duty promptly and effectually, and we would fain hope that this proof of loyalty towards England on the part of Mr. Johnson and his advisers will dissipate the delusions which have alone lent plausibility to the schemes of O'Mahony, Sweeny, and Roberts.

THE REFORM DEBATE.

THE narrow majority by which the Government Reform Bill was read a second time furnishes a new and powerful argument in favour of an extension of the franchise. It supplies the proof for which Mr. Lowe and others so loudly call, that the constitution of the House of Commons is defective, and that it fails to perform one at least of the functions of a representative assembly. Although the vote was taken upon a mere question of procedure, it is, in reality, an expression of opinion upon a much more important point. It testified to the distrust with which at least half—but probably far more—of the members of the existing House regard the masses of their fellow-countrymen. It proved that under our present electoral system, the class prejudices, the timid apprehensions, the supercilious arrogance of certain sections in the community are allowed to balance, if not to outweigh, the more generous feelings with which we hope and believe that Englishmen, as a general rule, regard each other. It proves also that there was even in the nominally popular branch of the Legislature as now constituted great insensibility to the progress of opinion, great ignorance of the wants, the wishes, and the growing intelligence of the masses, and an almost total want of that insight and foresight which are requisite in order to keep pace with the altering conditions of society, and to avert dissatisfaction by timely reform. Our representatives are scared by the phantom of democracy. They shrink in terror from a moderate measure of enfranchisement, because they deem it a step towards Gallicism or Americanism. They cannot perceive that if we are tending in that direction no resistance offered by our present franchise can prevent things running their course. They do not see that if the working classes are gaining power, and are becoming more and more inclined to exercise it, the only way to prevent their making excessive demands, and to amalgamate them politically with the rest of the nation, is to treat them justly, to welcome them frankly within the pale of the constitution, and to avert by a moderate enfranchisement an irresistible agitation for a revolutionary remodelling of our institutions. Throughout the debate the speakers against the Government Bill have displayed singular unconsciousness of the security which we really possess against the change which they dread. That security is the English character—the traditional habit of English thought, and our national preference for liberty rather than equality. It is not because of our political institutions that we are what we are. These political institutions are, in fact, a result, not a cause. It is not because we have not universal suffrage that we are not democratic, but it is because we are not democratic that we have not universal suffrage. A sense of injustice, a too prolonged denial of the rights of citizenship, may lead the masses to embrace extreme theories and to aim at extreme ends. But they will not do this the more, but the less, if they are gradually endowed with the privileges of citizenship and are allowed to co-operate with the other classes of society, instead of being taught to look upon them as enemies.

We are, of course, aware that the supporters of Lord Grosvenor's amendment did, for the most part, profess themselves friendly to the enfranchisement of the working classes; but their friendship is very like the hospitality of men who give general invitations to dinner. It sounds very well, but it means nothing. It is consistent with a firm resistance to every practical measure, and is accompanied with the strongest demonstrations of dislike. We say, without hesitation, that an assembly which can place itself deliberately in a position of such real though half-dissembled hostility to the great bulk of the community, shows in the clearest way that it is not in sympathy with the nation, and that its constitution must be modified if our free institutions are to work smoothly and are to adapt themselves with fitting alacrity to the growth and development of our old but still vigorous society. That is the one great lesson which we deduce from the debate and the division, and it is a lesson which will certainly not be effaced from our minds by the elaborate argument in which Mr. Disraeli, as leader of the Tory party,

tried to show that he obstructed Reform in the interest of Reform itself. With more than questionable taste he commenced his address by trying to persuade the House that it was a mere delusion to suppose that Parliament was pledged to the extension of the franchise. He had an easy task in showing, what no one ever asserted, that such a pledge did not exist in a technical sense. But we can scarcely conceive anything more likely to shake the confidence of the people in Parliament and in statesmen than to tell them that after a measure, to which they have long been eagerly looking forward, has been five times recommended in Royal Speeches, has been taken up by Ministry after Ministry, has been admitted to be necessary by our foremost public men—these facts do not create a moral claim to the fulfilment of expectations so sedulously raised, to the realization of hopes so long deferred. No one who did not at heart wish to escape from the obligation which had become onerous and repulsive would ever dream of denying it on grounds which would encourage the most complete political cynicism, and would inevitably prevent the slightest reliance being placed upon the promises and professions of those in whom it is for every reason desirable that the nation should place the greatest trust. The main body of Mr. Disraeli's speech leads irresistibly to the same conclusion. It is simply an argument "How not to do it." He will not enfranchise those whose fitness he does not question, until all manner of weighing and measuring the different classes of the community has been gone through. He will not even then enfranchise them, unless this weighing and measuring is performed entirely to his satisfaction, and he is satisfied that the middle class exactly balance the labouring class—the highly educated, the imperfectly educated—the town population, the county population—the agricultural, the commercial—and so on. It is perfectly clear that, as no Reform Bill was ever hitherto based on such minute calculations, so it would be utterly impossible to pass one which should meet such vexatious requirements. As a legislator of some experience and a politician not entirely ignorant of the mode in which affairs are conducted, Mr. Disraeli must be well aware that to insist on what he demands is simply to render action impossible. It would have been more candid, though perhaps less characteristic, had he taken his stand by Mr. Lowe, and said at once that Reform is an inherently bad theory, and he will have none of it.

Mr. Gladstone did not fail to seize the advantage which the Opposition leader gave him. After the speech which had just been delivered the conduct of the Government came out in the most favourable light. It was clearly evident then—even if it had not been before—that the best chance, of eventual success lay in compelling the House to come to a clear decision on the principle of reducing the franchise. That is, after all, the main point; and no one can now say that the Government was unwarrantably timid in dreading that if they introduced a complete measure the enemies of enfranchisement would make use of that wilderness of particulars which belongs to a redistribution of seats, to perplex and entangle the whole question so as to make progress with it impossible. They had to fear covert even more than open hostility, and the only way to deal with such a combination was to compel every one to vote honestly and distinctly, aye or no, upon the leading principle at stake. As Mr. Gladstone pointedly remarked that is an advantage which may well compensate the inconvenience of proceeding with the Franchise Bill and a redistribution separately. The truth is, indeed, that there is no inconvenience at all in the latter course of procedure, except to those who desire to make use of the one Bill in order to neutralize the other. To those who are willing to deal fairly with the constituencies as they will be, after the pending measure is passed, it is as easy to discuss their claims next year as this. Those who are not willing to do that, will no doubt lose a certain leverage which the present state of the representation gives them, for they will have to deal with a more popular body than now exists, and with masses of voters which correspond more nearly than those at present on the register to the real distribution of population, intelligence, and wealth throughout the country. But for our own part we do not regret that they should be placed under such a pressure. It is not an unfair pressure, for it is merely a moral compulsion to act like men of sense, to recognise existing facts, and to give to the various elements in the State their true weight and value, instead of trying by ingenious contrivances to exalt some by depressing others. Looking to the narrow and grudging spirit in which the admission of the working classes to substantial political power is regarded by the representatives of our present constituencies, no stimulant to a larger and more liberal view can be thrown away.

We cannot pretend to dwell upon the argument by which Mr. Gladstone defended the Government and the measure they have introduced. But it would be unjust to withhold the expression of our sincerest and warmest admiration of the splendid speech in which he summed up the debate. He never rose to a higher pitch of eloquence. He never more successfully avoided the faults which sometimes mar his orations, or diminish his influence. Cogent in argument, large in view, earnest in spirit, it was a speech to command and to justify the confidence of the people. Doubts were once expressed as to Mr. Gladstone's fitness to lead the House of Commons. Those doubts are now set at rest. Though he came (as he said in a noble passage of his speech) amongst the Liberal party as an outcast, he may now be assured that he is by all true Liberals recognised as their leader by a higher title than office, or a seat in the Ministry. To him may safely be committed the task of piloting the good ship Reform to the haven, which she will, we trust, eventually reach. There are yet many shoals in her way, and she will doubtless have some rough storms to encounter. But—to drop metaphor—there is no reason for faint-heartedness or for discouragement because we had only a majority of five on the second reading of the Franchise Bill. Several seats usually filled by Liberals were then vacant. Many Whigs who voted with Earl Grosvenor will, in all probability, rally to their party flag, now that they have been convinced that Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone are really in earnest; and that there is no chance of the Reform Bill being talked out or got rid of by anything short of a direct negative. We cannot permit ourselves to doubt that the country will come to the support of a Government which is eminently worthy of confidence, and which is earnestly and honestly striving to do its duty. Upon that, no doubt, mainly depends the result. If the people will not take the trouble to help those who are willing to help them, they must abide the consequences. In that case, the majority who voted for the second reading will probably be converted into a minority on some future stage of the Bill, and the cause of Reform will suffer a temporary defeat. But such a defeat will only defer, it cannot prevent our ultimate victory. As Mr. Gladstone said at the close of his speech, "Time is on our side, and in our favour are marshalled all the great social forces of the day."

AUSTRIA, PRUSSIA, AND ITALY.

If anything were needed to show the inextricable tangle into which the Nationalities question ever and anon threatens to bring the general state of Europe, sufficient proof might be found in the warlike agitation now disturbing the Continent from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Two years ago, Austria and Prussia, in the name of what they chose to designate an outraged German nationality, went to war with Denmark for the possession of Slesvig-Holstein. Their conduct since they obtained the mastery has clearly demonstrated the selfishness of their designs, and the falsity of the pretence by which they sought to cover them; but, though this is nothing more than what all outside observers foresaw, it is a somewhat unexpected turn of events to find the question of the Duchies leading to a reawakening of that far greater question of Italy and Venetia, which has indeed merely remained in abeyance since the summer of 1859, but which we hardly anticipated, until recently, would be once more excited by any course of events in the far North of Europe. At various times during the last seven years, it has appeared not unlikely that disaffection in Hungary or rebellion in Poland would furnish Italy with the opportunity she desired of taking Austria at a disadvantage; but it was hardly towards Slesvig-Holstein that we looked for that diversion which was to lay bare the side of the South-German Power to the assaults of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. Still less should we have supposed that, in a quarrel between Austria and Prussia, the former would be found to some extent taking the side of liberality and freedom, and that Italy, for the accomplishment of her own ends, would ally herself with Prussia in the commission of a gross assault upon the principle of national and popular rights. Yet in this strange conjunction of circumstances has the progress of events landed us. For some weeks past, it has been very apparent that Prussia has been bent on picking a quarrel with Austria for the possession of Holstein, and that Italy has been well inclined to seize on the complication as an opening for her long-meditated attack on Venetia. It is impossible to doubt that rumours of war are every day acquiring greater strength and consistency, or to resist the fear that we may be plunged, a month hence, into a struggle of which the limits

are unassignable, the characteristics precarious, the conclusion probably distant, and the results involved in more than usual obscurity. Nor can we as yet marshal with certainty all the opposing forces. We do not know how far France will consider herself justified or compelled to interfere; nor whether the known German sympathies of the English Court and of many leading English statesmen—sympathies which made themselves very manifest in 1859 when the French and Sardinian armies were approaching the Quadrilateral, and to which the abrupt conclusion of the war has sometimes been attributed—may not dispose this country towards a dangerous meddling with the imbroglio. At any rate, even supposing France and Great Britain to stand aside in watchful neutrality, a contest between Prussia and Italy on the one side, and Austria on the other, is certain to be conducted with a deadly exasperation which, considering the amount of power each combatant can bring into the field, could hardly come to a conclusion until a vast number of lives had been lost, and many provinces devastated. Prussia will fight with the fury of greed, Italy with the passion of a great idea which she must realize or perish, and Austria with the energy of despair. The master of the situation is unquestionably Italy. It may be doubted whether, after all their blustering, the two German Powers would really draw the sword, seeing how much they might lose, and how little they would probably gain, by a resort to hostilities. Both are too full of combustible materials to be desirous of tossing firebrands about without the sternest necessity. We have seen that each has exhibited a certain ungracious willingness to countermand the threatening concentration of troops which but recently was made the pretext of mutual incriminations; and if there were no Venetia, the quarrel over the Danish spoils might possibly find a peaceful termination. But for Italy peace means simply that most unsatisfactory condition for a nation—an armed truce. It means the dead weight of an army eating up the resources of the land, and doing nothing in return. It means the growing discontent of the people, the unescapable embarrassment of every successive Ministry, the mockery of a national organization wanting one of its most important limbs, the perpetual incentive to extreme and restless politicians to traduce the monarchy and inflame the populace. Italy, therefore, is for war, and upon her action, more than upon Austria's or Prussia's, depends the future course of events. She has armed, and moved her troops in the direction of the north-east—whether as a consequence of Austria arming in Venetia, or before the arming of that Power, is now little to the purpose. That the idea of war is in the highest degree popular with the Italians at present, every letter and every telegram from the South brings us fresh proof. Enthusiastic demonstrations have taken place at Florence, Turin, and Naples, in support of the measures adopted by Government; a new loan of 250 millions of lire has been contracted by the State with the National Bank, which is released from the obligation of paying its notes on presentation in specie; and it is expected that La Marmora will shortly assume the command of the army, his place at the head of the Ministry being taken by Ricasoli, whose national aspirations are well known. With men like La Marmora, Cialdini, and Garibaldi directing the army, and the whole strength of the population at their back—a population of twenty-eight millions, absolutely united in their feeling, burning with ardour, and lately accustomed to success—it is certain that the contest will be conducted with skill, intrepidity, and resolution. But how will it end? Austria, of course, cannot disarm in Venetia in the face of existing facts; and if Prussia, counting on Italian help, as Italy counts on Prussian help, attacks her on this or any other pretext, a line of fire may run half across Europe, and involve not only Germany, but other countries also, in its scathing whirl.

It is not for us, who have always most heartily supported the right of Italy to complete her organization, to interpose difficulties when at length there appears to be an opportunity for attempting, with a fair chance of success, the rescue of a province indisputably Italian, and long held in a cruel and a detested bondage. But we wish that the Government of Victor Emmanuel could have selected a more creditable ally than the fraudulent "liberator" of Slesvig-Holstein, the real oppressor of those unhappy Duchies, for ends as selfish and rapacious as any that ever disgraced a nation. By all who wish ill to Italy, it will be said that she is ready to purchase her own advantage at the price of injury to another race; and even her friends will find it hard to deny that she has sacrificed strict principle to policy. It is true that as yet there is no formal alliance between Italy and Prussia; but that they are acting on a mutual understanding cannot be doubted. This is a fact

which will unquestionably diminish the amount of sympathy with the Italians which would otherwise be felt in this country; though, even as the matter stands, the good wishes of all Liberal English politicians will be given to that brave and gallant people who, with the enthusiasm of the South and the calm persistence of the North, are once more standing up against the oppressor of their land. If war must come, it can only end satisfactorily by the complete liberation of Italy, from the Alps to the Adriatic, including, perhaps, Istria in the newly-constituted nationality.

Meanwhile, the attitude of France is perplexing, and ominously doubtful. The *Moniteur* is silent, and the semi-official journals indulge in enigmatical sentences and guarded expressions of a desire for peace, which are worse than silence. If the Emperor should determine on again assisting Italy, the difficulty will be only increased. Europe cannot forget that, previous to the war in 1859, he professed entire disinterestedness, and that in 1860 he took Savoy and Nice. Similar support, rendered at a similar price, could hardly be satisfactory to the Italians, and might provoke considerable jealousy elsewhere.

THE HOBGOBLIN PARTY.

In Mr. Osborne's clever and humorous speech at Nottingham the other day, he described the arguments of those who oppose a reduction of the franchise by conjuring up visions of the tyranny of a debased democracy, as "hobgoblin arguments," calculated to frighten "all those decent ladies who keep nine maid-servants, who go to bed at ten o'clock, and drink very strong tea." If the Lowe-Grosvenorites really propose to maintain themselves as a separate political party, there cannot be a better name for them than that suggested by Mr. Osborne's epithet. It seems that some wiseacre has proposed to establish a new club for the special behoof of them and their admirers, but why it should be called the "Clarendon Club" is not at all obvious. Lord Clarendon is a member of the Government, which is pledged "to stand or fall" with the Reform Bill, and he is the brother of one of the most sincere Reformers in the Government—Mr. Charles Villiers. The fact of one of his daughters being married to the younger son of Lord Derby does not, we think, afford sufficient ground for claiming him as a patron of the dwellers in the Cave of Adullam. If the new club wants an appropriate name, we beg to recommend the "Hobgoblin" as its proper designation. At any rate, it will be generally conceded that Mr. Lowe, the real head of the party (if it be essential to a head to have brains), does not require so much as the addition of a white sheet to act the part of an arch-hobgoblin with decided effect.

Looking at the very moderate character of the Government Bill, which Mr. Osborne calls even a "paltry measure," it would be a defensible hypothesis enough, if we did not examine matters very closely, to maintain that all the excited and angry antagonism exhibited for the last few weeks was a mere imposition; that the two aristocratic parties, Whig and Tory, which have for so many generations alternately held the reins of government, having admitted the middle classes for some thirty years to a small share in the control of the public purse, and feeling constrained to make a similar concession to the working classes now, though being determined that this concession should be of the most restricted kind, had conspired together, the one party to pretend that they were giving a great boon, and the other that they were resisting a revolutionary change; so as mutually to delude the people with the idea that they were getting something of great consequence, and to make them inordinately thankful for a very small mercy. This view, we say, would be plausible enough; and we should not be at all surprised to find it taken by French, or German, or American writers. We know that it would not be correct. We must say, at the same time, that it is to us a matter of extreme doubt whether the more thinking members of either the Whig or the Tory party look upon the question at issue as one of very serious importance, except in so much as it bears upon their respective chances of retaining or regaining power. And, with this opinion, we do not hesitate to say that any further contraction of the Ministerial scheme—such as an £8 qualification in boroughs and a £20 qualification in counties—ought to be scouted at once as a mockery of the unrepresented masses, and, if acceded to by the Government, ought to result in their expulsion from office.

It is perfectly ridiculous to say (and this argument was very fairly pressed, during the late debate, by Mr. Bright and The O'Donoghue) that a Cabinet comprising representatives of the great territorial families of Russell and Cavendish and Leveson-Gower, of the wealthy De Greys, of the historic

Campbells and Villierses and Stanleys, would commit itself to any measure of a democratic or revolutionary kind. We said months ago (what was obvious and incontrovertible) that the interests of the aristocracy were very safe in the hands of the existing Administration, and we advised the Whig families in general to accept cheerfully any measure which such a Cabinet proposed. And though some greedy Grosvenors, and brainless Brecknocks, and agitated Andovers and Ansons, and dull Dunkellins, permitted themselves to become the dupes and tools of disappointed or designing men, the Whig aristocracy in general have had the good sense to see that there was no danger, and to give their own party a loyal and hearty support. The Whigs are, it cannot be denied, by tradition and instinct a very oligarchical party; but there have been found among them, at every great crisis, men of sufficient wisdom to discern in time the true direction of public opinion, and of sufficient courage and generosity to defer to and to lead it. Other members of the party have wavered; some have lagged behind and fallen after a little into the ranks of Toryism, and some have plucked up courage sufficient to advance with the leaders of the party, though with hesitating and faltering steps. If the party had ever lacked an adequate number of bold and far-seeing men, or if their example had been ineffectual in moving others of a more timid nature and purblind vision, it would have ceased to exist before now. Instead of two Conservative powers in the State, which Whigs and Tories both are, though not in an equal degree, a broad line of demarcation would long since have been drawn between the aristocracy, on one side, and the people on the other. Conflicts of serious magnitude and long duration would have arisen between them, and would have resulted in establishing amongst us either German feudalism or American democracy.

We can trace the action of these opposing forces of courage and timidity in the separation of the Whig ranks during the late division. In this analysis we may practically consider those noble families, whose Liberalism dates from the repeal of the Corn-laws, as belonging to the Whig party, though they are technically treated as Peelites. It will be found that some families, such as the Cavendishes, voted unanimously for the Government, but that no family of the party, of any political importance, went undividedly against them. Even the Grosvenors themselves were not all of one mind; for though the Earl and his brother, Lord Richmond, were against the Bill, their cousin, the honourable and gallant member for Westminster, gave it his hearty support. One of the Fitzwilliam family, the member for Malton, supported the amendment; but his nephew, Lord Milton, though still suffering from the effects of a recent accident in the hunting-field, took care to be present and to vote for the Bill. Lord Ernest Bruce was for the amendment; his brother, Lord Charles, voted for Government. Lord Edward Clinton and his brother, Lord Arthur, took opposite sides; the latter following Lord Grosvenor. Apparently, the hobgoblin had its effect upon some of these noble and honourable persons, though their sex is not feminine, and though they do not luxuriate in strong tea, and are certainly not addicted to going to bed at ten o'clock. On the whole, there is no reason now to fear, at least so far as the late division is a guide, that the Whigs are working their own political extinction, or that the few seceders from their ranks have done harm to any one but themselves. We find no fault with the Elchos and the Gregorays; they began public life as Tories, they never progressed further than the stage of "Liberal-Conservatives," and no one expects men of that complexion to be very enthusiastic about a Reform Bill. When Mr. Laing, some years ago, sat below the gangway, and belonged to what was then called "Layard's lot," his Liberalism was rather strong; but an official voyage to India since then has apparently given it a milder flavour. We will say nothing of the dismounted Horsman, or of Mr. Lowe's Australian chum, the member for Salisbury. As for Mr. Doulton, he has still hopes of justifying himself to the working men of Lambeth, but he will probably find the motto, "Frangi non flecti," however appropriate, rather too heroic.

"One swallow does not make a summer," and a dozen or two of alarmed aristocrats, even with a "Brummagem" Burke to lead them, cannot hope to constitute themselves the permanent arbiters of Parliamentary contests. This ugly image, with its head of brass and its feet of potter's clay, though there may be some gold in its frame, will find many to mock at it and few to worship. Nor will "hobgoblin" leading articles, like that in Thursday's *Times*, influence, we are sure, the action of the Government, or deter them, if the necessity should arise, from appealing to the country. Some of our readers may have seen, many years ago, in Hood's *Comic*

Annual, a sketch which represented a bumpkin who had tried to alarm his village by a figure constructed out of a scooped turnip, with a candle inside, a mopstick, and a long sheet, set upon by the neighbours, and compelled, with jeers and cuffs, to "give up the ghost." Such a fate, we can safely predict, awaits the framers of the new political hobgoblin, so soon as they shall have to confront the undeceived people of England.

TEA AND WHISKY SHOPS.

THE amount of good effected by Father Mathew in Ireland can only be estimated by those who remember the state of the country previous to his mission. That his memory is still grateful to the people is apparent from the ceremony with which his statue was some time ago inaugurated at Cork; but we regret to learn that though the apostle be revered, his preaching is almost forgotten. Drunkenness again threatens to become an Irish vice. The statistics of the police-offices contrast unfavourably in this, but in no other respect with the similar records in England. The tax on whisky has raised the price of that article almost above the reach of the poorer classes, but the vintners manage to supply the demands of their customers with more than one decoction which can produce the alcoholic delirium so much desired by drunkards. To do this, and to do it as cheaply and as profitably as possible, is the object of the trade, and the dark and mysterious compounds which, under the name of cordials, are offered to the Irish consumer would, if analyzed, disclose as many ineffable combinations as those which go to compose the preparations for our cruet-stands. But with these we are not now concerned. By some oversight of the Legislature, or more probably by a prescriptive violation of it, there exists in Ireland establishments which we cannot better describe than by the title that heads this paper. In most of the larger towns every grocer has a spirit-shop, and upon the one premises undertakes the business of a grocer and a publican. The arrangement for this usually consists of an innocent counter running half-way into the shop, and here sugar, coffee, and other harmless condiments are vended. The person who serves this department has all the smooth and smug appearance which has come to be associated with full weight and Sunday observance; but the inside half of the concern overwhich he presides is devoted to purposes more or less, and rather more, disconnected with any undue severity or precision in conduct. Here whisky, porter, and "cordials" are dispensed, and boxes are contrived for giving that privacy to their juncketings which may be preferred by the *habitues* of the establishment. Children sent out to do the Saturday night's shopping, and servant girls purchasing for their employers, are lured, shocked, or debauched by the gross festivities of men and women who are only separated from them by a thin partition. And this danger is not confined to low quarters, or to the lowest quarters. It obtains in some of the leading streets of Dublin, of Belfast, and of Cork. Even in the country districts the grocer invariably has a publican's pothouse as a supplement to his legitimate occupation. Without advocating total abstinence, without requiring a Permissive Bill, a Maine liquor-law, or a sumptuary enactment of any kind, surely there is room for improvement on this question in Ireland, which, though not apparently of imperial significance, or worth the attention of the National Rotunda Association, is still of moment when taken in connection with the various difficulties and complications from which we are endeavouring to extricate the sister country. If Ireland again relapses into the debasing intemperance of fifty years ago, better, indeed, would it be for us at once to loose the cable by which we hold it. The land question, the Church question, and the job questions, require sensible ventilation, and will, no doubt receive plenty of it in time; but social evils want an immediate and incisive action. The monstrous nuisance to which we direct attention does as much to retard Ireland as Fenianism. The sottish habit is the worst habit of any. It is the hardest propensity to cure; no mischief bears worse fruit, no curse is so prolific. Irish agitators, like all other agitators, never see the thing under their noses. The inclination of a patriot to keep his eye on the stars, and his head in the clouds materially interferes with the practical value of his speculations. We do not therefore hope much for remedial assistance in this regard from "nationalists." What with abusing each other in a political free fight, and talking in the House on matters in which their concern is on a par with their knowledge, possibly those gentlemen have no time to look after details which merely involve the prosperity of the country they are popularly supposed to represent; but the Irish press should do something. With us places of the tea-and-whisky

kind contain printed warnings that drinking will not be allowed on the premises. We strongly suspect that the notice is in compliance with a statutory clause evaded by our ingenious neighbours who have been always remarkable for the ability with which they could dodge an Act of Parliament. The consumption of porter (the Irish substitute for beer) is enormous. In the grocer's shops porter may be got as readily as in the ordinary public-house, and boozing matches are carried on in the former just as frequently and as systematically as in the latter. Only those who have travelled through the sister country can be aware of its delicate, frail, and wavering condition. A crisis is passed, and the future depends on those wise prescriptions of polity that will encourage the recuperative powers which have suffered severely from the ordeal they have lately gone through. Among the best of these would be the suppression of one-third of the liquor licences. They have increased in a ratio out of all proportion with the inhabitants, and their numbers are positively appalling when the poverty and meagreness of Ireland is considered. Shebeens are scattered in every direction; every fourth house in each village has a licence for the sale of spirits and porter, besides a licence for the sale of groceries. Such temptations produce a serious effect upon a people such as the Irish are, and if without violating any principle of constitutional government—if without exercising a paternal force which is alien to our government we could mitigate the bad consequences of an undue liberality in granting those licences, the result would more than repay the loss the revenue might have to sustain from a necessary reduction of them. During the now moribund Fenian movement, it was noticeable how many treasonable initiations took place in public-houses, and we are glad to hear that, in the majority of instances, the magistrates in Ireland have refused to renew the licences of any suspected establishments. We do not offer this argument for more than it is worth; Fenianism may have been in spite of public-houses, as well as because of them, nor would an entire repression of the traffic be desirable; but certainly this occupation, of all others, should be put under safe, distinct, and proper conditions, and the conjunction of a publican and a grocer is a combination fertile in palpable and aggravated mischiefs. The landlords should look to this. The matter intimately concerns them. The corporate authorities have a great deal in their power in reference to it, and could, if they chose, find both law and reason to validate the separation of the tea from the whisky shop. We conceive that every branch of the Irish community would be benefited by the disruption. The only place in England where the same practice prevails to any extent is Liverpool. The technical name for the inside *logé* there is a "snuggery"; and that institution is found where ostensibly the business is done in sugar and spice, and everything nice. Better that the grocer should sand his sugar with industry, and damp it with fervour, sloe-leaf his tea with Vallambrosian luxuriance, red-lead his cayenne, turmeric his mustard, coffin-dust his prime Jamaica, and vitriolize his sauces, than that he should scandalize a neighbourhood by wholesale. It may be urged that the drinking, if suppressed in the grocers' shops, would only increase the business of the public-houses. The grocer's shop is a retreat for the safe and secret indulgence of tippling and vice. The public-house is a flaunting shame, but, if the term may be applied, an honester shame than the other. There is a disgrace which acts as a restraint on the perpetual frequenting of the public-house; but the grocer's shop is a cover for sneaking inebriety, and a drunkard may escape both notice and reproach through the opportunities there afforded him. We trust that this tea and whisky shop alliance may be divorced. It is incompatible and indecent. We feel convinced the law never contemplated such a union, and that when attention is drawn to it the Legislature will not fail to discover an antidote for the bane. We commend the question in all its bearings to our Irish friends who are directly interested in it, and we are sure that if any exertions are made to ameliorate the state of things to which we allude, they will receive the most cordial co-operation from our side of the Channel.

IS THE CHOLERA COMING?

THIS is a question which urges itself seriously upon us at the present moment. The outbreak of last year, which was supposed to be dying out, has recently manifested signs of increased vitality. The zymotic power, as it is termed, of the poison, has clearly not been extinguished, and it behoves us to consider whether there is danger of an approaching epidemic; and if so, what steps we should take to avoid its usual consequences. The public had almost forgotten the subject till the recently-reported deaths on board a Liverpool

steamer, bound for America, called attention to it. The effect thus produced has been supplemented by the announcement that cholera has spread to Rotterdam; and within the last few days, a good deal of terror and excitement has been aroused by a reported fatal case of the disease, which occurred at Bristol. In this last instance there are circumstances which should make us pause before we put forward the idea that we have no reason to be afraid of an approaching epidemic. If the disease be, as almost all physicians are agreed, of a highly contagious character, and if we have no adequate means of preventing its introduction into this country, then is there every probability that we shall have a new visitation of this terrible plague. We do not wish to be alarmists; but, in the face of the solemn warnings we have lately received, it would be worse than idle to preach a doctrine of safety. It might be justifiable to predict our probable immunity from cholera if our sanitary arrangements were what they ought to be, or even if they possessed an average degree of completeness; but, while many of our large towns have a death-rate of between thirty and forty per thousand, while human and animal epidemics are already rife in our large cities, and while our water supplies are so generally contaminated by the very materials through which it is admitted that cholera is most readily propagated, it is our imperative duty to call public attention to the still existing epidemic, and to the chances of its extension to England.

We are led to these remarks by the perusal of a letter just published in the Registrar-General's Report of April 30th, and a comforting article which appeared thereon in Wednesday's *Times*. The subject of the letter we have already in part referred to. It is that of the death of a sailor at Bristol. The man left Rotterdam on Sunday morning April 22nd, and arrived in "London on Monday 23rd, at 8 a.m. He left immediately by train for Bristol; was taken ill in the train about 11 a.m.," and died in eighteen hours. Here we have an undoubted case of the introduction of cholera from abroad. Cholera is prevalent at Rotterdam, a sailor landing there from Java receives the germs of the poison, and shortly after he has left Holland he dies in the south-west of England. To any dispassionate person there seems evidence sufficient in this one case to put the public on the alert as to the adoption of such precautionary measures as "quarantine" and "isolation." Yet this very case has given the *Times* material for an article in which all our fears are completely dispelled, by arguments which are unfounded in fact, and are a blot upon English sanitary science. According to the *Times*, we have no reason to fear this epidemic, because it is different to other ones. Such an argument as this is unsound even if its premises were correct. But we may ask in what are the epidemics of this and last year different from those which have hitherto been so destructive? Have they not been eminently contagious? Have they not been distributed from coast to coast by travellers? Have they not been attended by as terrible a mortality as those that have preceded them? To these questions the writer in the *Times*, with a disregard for facts and philosophy which is not uncharacteristic of the "leading journal," replies, "It has shown no tendency to advance in one direction, or indeed in any one direction more than another. It has gone eastward, westward, and southward, indiscriminately; . . . it has been 'going about' like scarlet-fever or small-pox in our country villages, *not producing anywhere any alarming mortality*, but acting rather like the epidemics of ordinary seasons." It is difficult to suppose that such statements as these could have been made by any one at all conversant with the subject on which he wrote; and the only alternative left us is the supposition that our contemporary is not particular as to whom it intrusts with an article like that from which we have quoted. Cattle-plague experiences show us that the *Times*' theories are by no means always the theories of the times; but we should have thought that, in a matter so seriously affecting the safety of our population, a more scrupulous attention to truth and reason would have been displayed.

Have not careful researches shown that the cholera, taking its rise in India and Mecca, has been transported into Egypt and Turkey by the bands of pilgrims passing through these countries? Has it not been demonstrated by reference to the loathsome and filthy customs of these pilgrims that in many cases whole hordes of them are borne away by the disease, fostered as it is by uncleanness, climate, and improper diet? Nay more it has been proved by the able investigations of the French Academicians that the cholera was distinctly introduced into France by the arrival, at Marseilles, of an Alexandrian vessel containing infected Algerian pilgrims, some of whom had

died upon the voyage; and so firmly are the members of the International Conference convinced of the regular transmission of the disease through the medium of the pilgrims, that they have adopted the proposal to stop communication between the Arabian ports and Egypt, in case of another outbreak of cholera. Thus far the plague has been traced along a definite route from Mecca to Marseilles. In a former article we pointed out the significance of its appearance in England at Southampton, the port of all others in most frequent communication with Marseilles. Can it then be alleged that the cholera of the present time is different from its predecessors in pursuing no distinct route? Has it "shown no tendency to advance in our direction, or indeed in any one direction more than another?" The second statement of our contemporary is equally a violation of fact. The cholera, says the *Times*, has not produced "anywhere any alarming mortality." We should like to know what the *Times* would term an "alarming mortality." Assuredly our contemporary's notions on this point are a little startling, and suggest some unpleasant reflections. We would ask him to look at the returns from Alexandria, Malta, Gibraltar, Marseilles, and Paris, and correct the extraordinary illusion under which he labours.

It might at first sight appear probable that the occurrence of cholera on board ships is a proof of its spontaneous origin; but in the cases recently on record there is tolerably clear evidence of contagious introduction. In the case of the *England*, which recently left Liverpool and in which so many deaths occurred, it must be remembered that there were a number of German emigrants on board, who lived chiefly on sauer-kraut, and who, like the sailor at Bristol, may have brought the germs of the poison with them from the Continent, and exhibited the disease when the germs became sufficiently developed to produce painful symptoms. The *Atalanta*, on board of which the disease broke out, before she reached America had touched at Brest, where cholera was raging violently, and the troop-ship which introduced the disease into the Cape of Good Hope had previously touched at a Spanish port where cholera had been or was rife. In these instances, too, it may be suggested as probable that the taking in of water—no uncommon habit when a vessel touches a port—was the means of introducing the disease.

Admitting the decided possibility—not the probability—of a cholera visitation, what ought we to do to stay the progress of the disease? This is really the question of most import. For whether the epidemic be or be not distributed, as the *Times* suggests, according to no law or order, there is no doubt but that it may at any moment be introduced into this country; and it is essential, therefore, that we should know how to deal with it when it does come. Cholera is a contagious disease, but not one whose poison floats freely in the air, like that of typhus, &c. The elementary germs—supposed to be low forms of vegetable life, which originate it—abound in the intestinal discharges of patients, and all we have to do is to prevent the introduction of the smallest particle of such discharges into our systems, either by carelessness in washing after contact with those infected, or by imperfect sanitary measures which allow such materials to find their way into the water we drink. The first precaution is only for those who have to do immediately with the sufferers, but the second applies to all of us. Were cholera to make its appearance here to-morrow, we might put the first precaution in force, but we could not effectively adopt the second. This is the great reason why we fear the approach of the epidemic. Careful as our quarantine measures might be, some who had the germs of the disease in their bodies would be certain to come ashore. These might then be isolated; but are our sanitary, water, and sewerage arrangements, in all cases, so perfect that we could guarantee a perfectly pure water for the public? They are not. Our streams are polluted, and the matter of our sewers (witness the Epping cases) finds its way into our wells. How, then, can we remain satisfied with our present condition? We are better off than we were ten years ago; but there is much that we may yet do to improve our sanitary arrangements, and which we ought to do at once.

TIDINESS.

It is recorded by the faithful chronicler of Robinson Crusoe, that

"He had a man Friday
To keep his house tidy,
For it was his duty to do so."

If this fact could only be authenticated, it would be a great argument in favour of that virtue which appears at the head

of our paper. That a representative of the human race, even when separated from his species and condemned to the savagery of a desert isle, felt the absolute necessity of tidiness! Well, no doubt it is a virtue, and, in its right place, an excellent virtue; but many will confess with a sigh, that sometimes it degenerates into a simple nuisance. The purest form of the virtue is personal tidiness, and however much poets and lovers may set their affections on the *dégradé* style, and however often they may profess their admiration of "sweet neglect" in the feminine toilet, they would not admire it in everyday life, or when the loverlike passion had been a little sobered. The loops of the boot visible at each side of the ankle, the wrinkled stocking, the unfastened dress, the crumpled collar, the unmended glove, the twisted shawl that might have been put on with a knife and fork, the presence of a *chevaux de frise* of suspicious pins—such things a beauty had better not venture upon, while to a plainer woman they are perilous shortcomings. The defects may conceal themselves in detail, but their general effect is unmistakable. And here let us protest against that deification of untidiness which some of our modern fashions would introduce. Let us protest against those manias in hair-dressing which turn the female head sometimes into a sweeping comet, sometimes into a little hayfield, or a water-s spaniel's back, or a bird's-nest, or any other type of confusion. No fashion can be charming which suggests that the brush and comb are in the dressing-table drawer and the key lost. With the sterner sex our remonstrance has less to do. They had better not crumple their shirt fronts, nor sit on their hats, nor brush them the wrong way, nor let the knees of their trousers convey the idea that they are constantly worshipping in a very dusty church. But even these rules are nowadays narrow in their application, when the scarf hides or the flannel shirt displaces the linen front, and the fabric of felt or straw has so much usurped the place of the beaver and the silk nap.

Yet, after all this good advice, are we not conscious of some persons among our acquaintances who are almost awfully tidy, if we may say so? Is there not a class of people who look, it is said, as if they had just stepped out of a bandbox? They do not possess the *ars celandi artem*, and there is something positively obtrusive in their tidiness; they bear it about with them with a sort of conscious triumph that seems to accuse the rest of the world of vagrant laces, and dismounted tags and absent buttons. Such persons not unfrequently carry a furtive mirror in their pockets, and contemplate at odd moments the condition of their hair in front; they are penetrated with the idea that something is wrong with the back part of their costume, and they make various futile attempts to reach the suspected spot with distorted eyes, failing which they hail as a godsend some looking-glass in a shop, or even a dirty plate-glass window which gives some faint reflection of the general effect. And all this embitters their life and that of their friends.

We pass to the consideration of tidiness in the apartment; and here again the golden mean must be the rule. A sitting-room should never be in such a state of stereotyped tidiness as to convey the idea that the room is not used. Nothing is more painful to make a morning call, and to be shown up into a drawing-room in which the servant who admits you pulls up the blind, which is ordinarily kept down. You feel instinctively that you have reached

"A place where no man comes,
Nor hath come since the making of the world."

The chairs are ranged along the walls like the ghostly figures in an Egyptian catacomb; the knicknacks and the morocco books seem to have grown to one position on the table; and probably, to crown it all, two-thirds of the furniture wears a sort of holland blouse:—

"All social ties between that room and man
Have long ago been broken!"

And yet it is within the bounds of possibility that at certain periods of the day that room is actually inhabited; the piano is heard, the chairs come forward one by one, the novel is read, and the gossip passes round, only when the evening is over some one with a tyrannical spirit of tidiness enters the room and makes it once more a city of the dead. Any form of tidiness which annihilates every sign of life is simply heartless.

We come to a solemn subject, which has been the parent of heartburnings without number—tidiness with one's things and papers! In a free country like ours, can this ever be made compulsory? Doubtless there are a chosen few who do it for themselves. There must be some highly-favoured mortals who not only docket all their bills, but put every paper into some appropriate compartment. Their letters are duly slipped into the neatest of double boxes with "answered" and "un-

answered" on them. At each interruption in their work they close their books and return them to the shelf, and perhaps put a marker into each. When they quit their writing-table they leave not one thing about. "O fortunati nimium!" For them the carefulness of their wives and the merciless ignorance of their housemaids has no terror. Perhaps no more fearful illustration of "mistaken human love" is to be found than that feeling which induces anybody to "put your things to rights" for you in your absence. Fearful to you is the tidiness which rearranges all your papers upon a preconceived system to which you are a perfect stranger, and equally fearful that tidiness which feels that its task is done when things are thrust out of sight. This latter is, *par excellence*, the tidiness of housemaids whose view of the final cause of the rug is that it is to cover a multitude of foreign bodies whose proper home is the dustpan. We confess, with humiliation, to rejoice in a sort of orderly disorder. To our eyes, something of a litter of papers, &c., is not unpleasing. They need not form a *rudis indigestaque moles*; indeed, we believe that their place is established by an unconscious law which far transcends the vulgar schemes of everyday tidiness. We confess to liking a roomy press or closet in which coats and trousers of various dates may exist in strata. Who is ignorant of the joy of coming unexpectedly upon some friendly old garment which appears to have been buried for ages under the "drift" of new clothes, and of finding that it is still fit for human wear? He is a stranger to this happiness who knows how many clothes he had and when he had them, and where they each lie. Indeed, is it not likely that the man who is scrupulously tidy, and who arranges everything upon a sort of pigeon-hole system, has his brain arranged in a similar way? Certainly, there are some whose wits are really remarkable for tidiness; they always have a fact appropriate to the occasion, and are classed among the well informed. But from having all their facts in pigeon-holes they never make the unexpected combinations and startling generalizations that the imaginative and, therefore, untidy intellect rejoices in. What is neat is always admirable: it is rather the abuse of what is methodical that is apt to be unpopular, which "tidiness" proper never ought to be, if, according to its derivation, it is that which fits in at the right time or tide.

We have only one more unimportant protest to make, and that is against an incurable desire which some folks have of making things look tidy by always wrapping them up in paper. There are those who consume whole quires in packing a single portmanteau. It might be regarded only an *amabilis insanus* if it did not ever affect others, but it must have been the fate of many a one to have had his things packed up for him by a disciple of this system. Late at night, or just before dinner, he arrives at his journey's end. He ascends to his room, and his portmanteau awaits him. He will put out the few things he wants, which will be better than unpacking everything. With this intention the box is duly opened, and presents to a view nothing but a series of paper parcels, without the smallest clue to their contents. He feels like one of the audience at a conjuror's—"In which of these things shall your property be, in the left or right parcel, or the one in the middle?" The dinner-bell begins to ring, and the use of the nail-brush is imperative. A likely-looking paper is selected, but it contains the tooth-powder box; a second one holds the shaving-brush, a third the shaving-soap, and at last the nail-brush is discovered thrust away in another parcel, in the extreme left-hand corner, and in all human probability tucked into a sock. A portmanteau like this passing the Custom-house abroad will fill the air with the deepest *sac-r-r-r-res* that the French tongue can rasp. This "paper-work" is an extreme case, an existent, though rare, system of packing. It is but fair to remark that the opposite extreme seems a little too untidy. It is to spread a sheet on the ground, empty all your drawers into it, and tie it up at the corners. You are sure thus of taking all you want.

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

To the end of time it will be a vexed question how far the moral attributes of a man are inseparable from his physical condition, and how far they may be influenced by precept and example. It would be idle to deny the extraordinary difference of character which is apparent at the very earliest stages of human life, but it would be equally absurd to assert that the natural proclivities towards good and evil may not in many cases be modified, and, in some cases, eradicated, by early education. If this be true of those dispositions which exhibit an affinity for specific virtues or absolute vice, it is all the

more obvious regarding the minor qualities in which we recognise a desire to please or a liability to offend. That certain people are born with good tempers and others with bad is quite as true as that some men have red hair and some have black. At the same time, experience points to the fact that many a child whose peevish conduct was once the plague of the nursery has, by a course of judicious training, become kindly and unselfish in after life; while, on the other hand, misfortune, disease, or any of the various ills which flesh is heir to, may sometimes turn a bright and gentle boyhood into an irritable, and even vicious, old age. When, therefore, we speak of such and such a man as being ill-tempered or a good-hearted fellow, it is as well to remember a number of contingencies which frequently escape the consideration of shallow critics. What luck has the object of their praise or censure had in the great lottery of life? Who were the companions of his youth? How has he been brought up? What is the state of his digestion? All these questions bear upon the point at issue, and may either qualify our approval or diminish the reproach of a character which the world regards only in its objective light. *Ceteris paribus*, however, there remains the broad fact that certain people either naturally possess, or by careful study have acquired, the art of making themselves agreeable, while others seem inevitably fated either to repel or inspire an apathy in all with whom they have to deal. Of course, there are certain social causes of difference in civilized life which are quite independent of moral bearing. For instance, the easy familiarity which prevails among what we call the "lower classes" of society, even on a first acquaintance, would be offensive to a gentleman who has been accustomed to address others, and be himself addressed, on such occasions, with caution and reserve. On the other hand, the restraint thus exercised by well-bred men (and which, after all, is based as much upon a respect for others as on a sense of self-dignity) might give a less refined mind an idea of *hauteur* or ill-nature, which would at once become a source of dissatisfaction.

But, as a general rule, an agreeable man makes himself agreeable to all classes, and the reverse of this rule obtains with even more certainty. For though a disagreeable man who bullies his inferiors and equals may wear, to suit his purpose, a specious mask of good humour before those who are above him in the social scale, he is still disagreeable. He has only added to his nature the faults of a toady and a hypocrite; and, ten to one, he is recognised by all in a threefold capacity. Disagreeable people may be classed under several heads, but they chiefly belong to one of two great divisions—viz., those who offend through actual malice of heart and those who err from intense and irreclaimable stupidity. Strange as it may appear, there are some natures for whom the blessings of peace and concord have no charm. They live in a state of endless moral warfare with the world, and like it. It is needless to say that the opportunities of gratifying this love of mischief are numerous and multiform. A man, by simply repeating the illnatured remarks of A. on B. to B. himself, may, under the guise of friendship, cause the latter exquisite pain, which he need never have felt if the calumnies had not reached his ear. It is an old saying, that a blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword; and when that moral blow is administered, as it were, secondhand, it is all the more dangerous, because he who feels it cannot always demand reparation. Some people again seem to take a special pleasure in contradiction. Who has not met that insufferable bore of the dinner-table who, with a pretence of being exceedingly accurate, constantly interrupts a good story or the thread of general conversation with some wretched comment or opinion of his own, introduced for no other earthly purpose than that of self-assertion? These litigious gentlemen care little which side of an argument they take, whether on religion, art, or politics, so long as they can differ, and differ substantially from some one. Even when they are consistent in their opinions they are disagreeably dogmatical, acknowledging no common ground of battle, nor yielding a single point which they can possibly dispute. Then there is the cheap satirist or random wit, who must have his joke, no matter at whose expense or however inappropriate it may be to the subject under discussion. He may turn his best friend into ridicule, monopolize the conversation, or treat irreverently sentiments which deserve his earnest regard—what signifies it so long as he can create a laugh? The main-spring of his humour is intense selfishness, and by indulging the one he exercises the other.

Good breeding has been aptly defined as the culture of *surface-Christianity*, and, in truth, there is a moral element in good manners quite independent of conventional etiquette. For example, a true gentleman will carefully avoid all occasions of offence to others in his conversation, and although he may

utterly dissent from them in opinion, he will express that fact in a way which will leave none of his hearers uneasy or mortified. That this may be done is apparent from the fact that staunch and honest friendships have existed, and are constantly maintained, between people of thoroughly opposite views and aims in life. But with disagreeable people, to differ from a man is first to offend and then to dislike him. Their opinions are bigoted, and while they flatter themselves on their sincerity, they are simply insolent. Sometimes the affront comes in such a form that, to take open notice of it, would be apparently ungracious. A friendly rebuke is not pleasant, but it is nothing to the humiliation one experiences in receiving a favour from uncourteous hands. There are some men whose civilities are intolerable, who comply with your request in a manner which makes you wish you had bitten your tongue before making it, and who contrive to turn that which should be a sense of honest gratitude into one of painful obligation. It is the misfortune of many well-intentioned and respectable members of society to be disagreeable without knowing it. These are clumsy, shambling, awkward creatures, for ever treading on the moral sensibilities of their fellow-men, just saying quite the wrong thing at the most exactly wrong time, and not only leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, but doing on every occasion, and under every variety of circumstance, precisely what they should have avoided—all with the best wishes in the world, and if anybody is offended, who can say it is their fault? The same kind of obtuseness which allows a man to go on dropping h's along the path of life, shovelling peas into his mouth with a steel blade, and committing a thousand and one practical improprieties, which, if he only used his eyes and ears, he would find shunned by those around him—this identical stupidity and want of tact prevent him from feeling that his manner is a disagreeable one.

Another fruitful source of the same evil is vanity. Stuck-up people, whatever their pretensions may be, whether moral, intellectual, or social, are sure to be disagreeable. The modern Pharisee, who, with an assumed contempt of the world, yet lives in, and by it—the pedant whose life has been so completely given up to study that he has never had time to cultivate the affections—the *parvenu* whom fate and a long purse have suddenly raised to prosperity, all these are more or less likely to be ranked as "disagreeable" people. Vulgar patronage, cringing deference, freezing reserve, and insolent familiarity—who has not suffered from these various types of an evil whose effect on ourselves we tamely describe as "disagreeable." There is another class of persons who, without absolutely deserving this epithet, are what one might call (if there were such a word in the English language) "unagreeable" people. The unagreeable man is apathetic on all subjects, has no opinion of his own, and doesn't care to know that of any one else. He hears criticisms passed on the last new novel and is silent; the merits of a popular picture are discussed, and he yawns; the conversation turns on the drama, and he goes to sleep. He doesn't quarrel with you, he doesn't agree with you; he is simply a nonentity, and his great object in life seems just to be let alone. Our unagreeable friend may be—indeed frequently is—a very amiable fellow, but from not interesting himself about anybody or anything in particular he fails to interest us in himself. There is an old Italian proverb, "Tanto buon che val niente," and he is just good enough to be good for nothing.

To revert, however, to the "disagreeables," it would seem astonishing that they should be so numerous when it is to the manifest interest of every individual member of society to be civil to those around him. But we must take the world as we find it. Men are neither physically nor mentally constituted alike, and just as from the days of Adam no two faces have ever been perfectly similar, so we may be sure that no two hearts were ever cast precisely in the same mould. We might illustrate our inference by a mathematical simile. The majority of characters will always present a diversified aspect, but of each moral polygon one side alone will correspond with another particular side of the multilateral figure which lies next it. It often takes endless changes before this coincidence can be ascertained, and sometimes life itself is too short for the experiment. But occasionally success attends an early trial, and the result is called—friendship.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE University has now resolved itself into flannels and straw-hats, and the physical energy of the place has become more demonstrative than the intellectual. The early hall dinners for boating men, and the later dinners for those who do not boat, divide the world of this place into two parties and *bouleverse* the old familiar arrangements for walking and other exercise. "Two to four" is no longer the time when all men turn out to do their constitutional, and the days are rapidly growing long enough to convert the evenings into pleasant lounges among the trees and flowers of the college grounds. The May term is no doubt exceedingly charming, but it is a dreadful promoter of idleness, and a good many men get on very steadily for their two first terms who become total wrecks in their third so far as reading is concerned, and after a vain attempt to make themselves work by "putting on a coach" subside into exactly the thing we should most wish to be discouraged here, poll men, who might, if they chose to work, take tolerable honours. Next week, the boat-races come on, afternoon and evening, lasting well into the week beyond, and cricket-matches are already in full swing on all sides, with bands of music in the college gardens for the less athletic to lounge away their time to; these and other like things engage in a winning competition with classical and mathematical studies for the best hours of our young men. Fenner's ground gives us no hope of a victory over Oxford at Lord's, but it seems to be an accepted fact that we only play to lose in town, making a spectacle for the enthusiastic people who crowd themselves into the space allowed to visitors on that perfect little ground, but otherwise not doing much for the credit of the University.

The Rede Lecture is to be delivered this term by Professor William Thompson, of St. Peter's College, to whom that College owes a large proportion of the mathematicians which have raised its name so high in the list of wranglers for several years past. Professor Tyndall delivered the lecture last year, on Heat, and his performance was considered, and justly considered, a great success. The subject announced for the lecture on the 23rd of May is "The Dissipation of Energy," a title which may mean a good many things, and will probably suggest to such of the loungers of the University as may go so far as to read it, that they always thought energy was a dreadfully dissipated thing, and are now more than ever convinced that it is to be avoided. The lecturer will no doubt much interest such of his audience as are capable of following him, for the subject is one which a great physicist like Professor Thompson ought to make a great deal of. We shall be told, no doubt, that the sun is throwing off vital portions of itself, and that something must be sacrificed from time to keep up its supplies, in which case our descendants may look out in the course of time for a much more literal and swift conflagration than the present age is inclined to anticipate.

There does not seem much chance of our being immediately affected by Mr. Bouvierie's success in the House of Commons with his Fellows of Colleges Declaration Bill. The infant will be strangled somewhere or somehow. If only we could get all the excellent tutorial material which is lost to us by the non-admission of Dissenters to Fellowships, without incurring the danger of having the governing staff of any college swamped by Nonconformists, there is no one that would not rejoice. But it does seem difficult to understand how men of all creeds are to legislate upon such matters as the arrangement of the family worship of their college. What we require is to have some idea how far the supply of Dissenters likely to come within fellowship range may be expected to increase if this Bill should ever become law. If the numbers do not much increase, there will be no cause for alarm. The constant recurrence of the same well-known names — Sylvester, Stirling, Aldis — which figure in one speech after another, is enough to show that the examples of hardship have so far not been many. And, after all, is the word "hardship" applicable to their cases? It may be a hardship that Dissenters in general feel themselves shut out from the University, so far as entering upon the speculation upon which so many men do enter, that is, sending up a promising son at some sacrifice, in the hope that he may get a Fellowship. But once let a father have made up his mind to send his son to the University, the hardship appears to vanish. The young man is sent up for what good he can get by a University course and the *éclat* of a high degree. There is no disappointment at all. The law is well known, and if a man does not fulfil the required conditions he does not obtain the prize. A clergyman might put himself in nomination for a borough and secure a tri-

phant majority of votes, but he knows the result beforehand, the House of Commons will not admit him. So that when the cases of Messrs. Sylvester and Stirling and the Aldis brothers are quoted, it should be clearly understood that these men came up with their eyes open, with no chance of a Fellowship, but they thought it worth their while to come up on those terms, and they have got the reward they needed. It would seem that the cases of the abstract Dissenter and of a concrete form of the same stand on slightly different ground. It is to be regretted that some well-known members, the Chancellor of the Exchequer for instance, and the member for Exeter, were absent from the division in the House, though their bias is sufficiently ascertained by former speeches. Lord Cranborne's silent vote against the Bill was a failing of ancestral energy, the first Lord Cranborne, likewise a Robert Cecil, having acted with great promptness in the matter of oaths and declarations when he was Chancellor of the University in James I.'s time.

In place of Mr. Forsyth the town of Cambridge has selected Mr. J. E. Gorst, late a Fellow of St. John's, as Mr. Powell's colleague in Parliament, so that the present town members were formerly Fellows of the same college. Mr. Forsyth is a man whose powers render his absence from Parliament a matter of regret to persons of many shades of opinion, and it seemed especially hard that he should be unseated for holding an office which did not unseat Mr. Wigram, the late member for the University. Of course, Mr. Wigram was disqualified as soon as India was made over to the Queen, for then the office of Standing Counsel to the Secretary for India became a place of profit and emolument under the Crown, created since the passing of Queen Anne's Act, but no one seems to have called attention to the difficulty. The Cambridge Conservative paper denies the statements made by the London press to the effect that Liberal voters were driven from the hustings or otherwise interfered with by the undergraduates, and six members of the latter body have addressed a like denial to the *Standard*. There were, no doubt, a good many undergraduates present in the market-place, and the balance of their sympathies was in favour of the Conservatives, but beyond adding something to the row and confusion incidental to an election in such a borough as this, their presence was no particular hindrance to the proceedings. Some of the Liberal party were annoyed by the favour shown to the Conservatives by the undergraduate portion of the mob, and they prevailed on the mayor to send a request to the vice-chancellor that he would come and keep them in order, which he accordingly did, in company with the proctors. Two hundred years ago, in 1666, instead of standing side by side to control the proceedings at an election of a member of Parliament, the vice-chancellor and the mayor were giving the Houses of Parliament the trouble of dividing upon the question of their precedence, when it was given in favour of the vice-chancellor by 52 votes to 21.

A well-considered paper has been circulated among members of the Senate by two of the tutors of Trinity, urging a change in the conditions under which the Chancellor's medals are now awarded, and at the same time proposing a serious change in the character of the Classical Tripos. The authors of the scheme suggest no less a change than the introduction into the examination of papers on the earlier and later history of Ancient Philosophy, in connection respectively with Plato's "Republic" and Aristotle's "Ethics," a paper on Greek and Roman History and Antiquities, and also a paper containing six subjects for historical essays, upon one of which an essay shall be required. The Chancellor's medals it is proposed to award to the two candidates who stand best on the pure scholarship papers; while the places in the Tripos would be assigned for more or less competent knowledge of the subject-matter also of classical works. At the same time, it is to be hoped that the restriction which ties down the Chancellor's medals to men who have taken a mathematical degree higher than that of Junior Optime will be removed, a change to which the Chancellor, some years back, consented for his part. The advantages of giving undergraduates who make the classics their study something more to do than the mere repetition of the sort of thing they did at school are self-evident. The three years and a half which such men spend here in polishing their school style are felt to be a larger proportion of time than should be spent upon that object; and, on the other hand, many men of great natural ability are debarred from entering upon classical studies by the undoubted fact that it is a most rare thing for a man to obtain really high honours in the Classical Tripos who has not served a long apprenticeship from early boyhood. Such men may now begin work fresh when they come up, with good hope that a clear and sound appreciation of something wider and deeper than the mere elegance

of Latin and Greek writers will win them high honours. The distinction between an Oxford First and a Cambridge First will, in great measure, disappear if this scheme ever takes effect, as it is to be hoped it will.

THE "LONDON REVIEW" IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION.

No. XVIII.—THE CHURCH MILITANT UNDER THE COMMAND OF BISHOP O'BRIEN—COST OF DIGNITIES IN HIS DIOCESE—THE CATHEDRAL OF FERNS—REV. R. FISHBOURNE—WHY THE CONGREGATION DO NOT CLEAN THEIR CHURCH—THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS WASHING THE MINISTER'S SURPLICE—THE OLD VESTRY SYSTEM—ANOMALIES—RESPECT FOR THE DEAD—UNPROTECTED GRAVE-YARDS—PILE OF HUMAN SKULLS—NEGLECTED RUINS AT FERNS—MONUMENT OF ST. MOGUE A CURE FOR TOOTHACHE—THE EPISCOPAL PALACE—BISHOPS RAM AND CLEAVER—DR. ELRINGTON, THE LAST BISHOP OF FERNS—BUTLER BRYAN—STATISTICS OF THE DIOCESE—SMALL LIVINGS—REV. MR. N. BRADSHAW—LORD COURTOWN—ALIENATION OF GLEBE LAND—UNION OF WEXFORD—REV. J. PEED—A MESMERIC INFIRMARY—UNION OF ENNISCORTHY, NEW ROSS.

THE Church has been compared in prophetic language to "an army with banners;" and the idea of the "Church militant" has been a favourite one with divines in all ages. The figure is not inappropriate, because the Church has been organized to war against the evils that are in the world around it, to pull down the strongholds of Satan, and to liberate his slaves. The war has been successful wherever it has been waged in the apostolic spirit, and with apostolic weapons, which are not carnal but spiritual, the word carnal meaning here political or secular. It is useless now to speculate as to the amount of success which might have attended the Reformed Church in this country in pulling down the strongholds of the Church of Rome if she had acted on the apostolic method, repudiated temporalities, and relied entirely upon the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Unfortunately, she has appeared to the native population as a body armed with the weapons of this world, and under this great moral disadvantage she has too often fought as if beating the air, and has been terrible only in smiting with the sword of the State. The State, however, has ceased to render this fatal aid, and it is necessary now, more than ever, if she is to hold her ground, to gird on her Christian armour, and to depend on the might which comes from above. As she could not beat Rome by Parliamentary power, or royal favour, or worldly grandeur, neither can she beat Rome by ritualism, ecclesiastical costume, or ceremonial pomp. In all such efforts, however imposing, she must appear to the votaries of Rome a poor copyist, a dwarf imitating a giant. It is true that each bishop might appear in procession with a goodly array of deans, archdeacons, precentors, prebendaries, choristers, &c.; but, unfortunately, a learned dean at the Belfast Conference did not hesitate to call some of those dignities "shams," and the Archbishop of Dublin, looking at the Irish Church with a fresh English eye, which discerned the signs of coming storms, compared the number of Irish Church dignitaries to over-crowded sails, in which the winds might play perilously.

If we might follow up these similes in the case of Ossory and Ferns, we should find that the Bishop could command as ample an array of dignitaries as any of his brethren. The diocese of Ossory would furnish a dean, a precentor, a chancellor, a treasurer, an archdeacon, some half-score prebendaries, three or four vicars-choral, and a number of rural deans. Ferns would furnish a dean, a precentor, a chancellor, a treasurer, an archdeacon, and a long train of prebendaries and rural deans. Leighlin also would give its contingent, a dean, a precentor, a treasurer, an archdeacon, with a number of prebendaries and rural deans; altogether, the number of these dignitaries in the united diocese is over sixty. Is Bishop O'Brien high priest? Then he can move in procession at the head of five dozen cathedral officials, who, clothed in gorgeous robes of varied tints, would form a grand and imposing train of titled ecclesiastics, which might well excuse a proud prelate for magnifying his office. Is Bishop O'Brien a general? Then he is surrounded by a magnificent staff of officers large enough to command one of the Pope's best armies. Is Bishop O'Brien the captain of a ship? Then, though the freight of souls is small, he spreads

out to the breeze more than sixty fluttering sails—a beautiful sight, when reflecting the bright sunbeams on a summer's day, while the zephyrs are playing softly among the streamers from the masthead.

"And proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes."

But what if the storm should come? What if the "grim repose" of national discontent should break forth into a hurricane? In that case, every one knows an excess of canvas with light freight would be very dangerous.

A return furnished by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland by order of the House of Commons, and printed in 1864, gives us the gross and net revenue of the dignities in each diocese. The following are the figures for these dioceses, omitting shillings and pence:—

I.—FERNS.

	Gross.	Net.
Deanery	£726	£504
Precentorship.....	909	550
Chancellorship	747	571
Treasurership.....	635	419
Archdeaconry.....	595	324
Prebends—1st	158	142
" 2nd	257	236
" 3rd	279	259
" 4th	498	310
" 5th	520	330
" 6th	517	318
" 7th	289	183
" 8th	506	272
" 9th	504	337
		£4,746

II.—LEIGHLIN.

	Gross.	Net.
Deanery	£231	£293
Precentorship.....	178	166
Treasurership.....	171	133
Archdeaconry.....	242	195
Prebends—1st	254	229
" 2nd	268	266
" 3rd	301	294
" 4th	434	277
		£1,852

III.— OSSORY.

	Gross.	Net.
Deanery	£1,863	£1,195
Chancellorship	427	359
Treasurership.....	151	143
Archdeaconry.....	492	309
Prebends—1st	283	152
" 2nd	771	673
" 3rd	213	203
" 4th	141	126
" 5th	474	362
" 6th	401	307
		£3,829

It is true that most of these dignitaries are incumbents of parishes, and have cure of souls; but here is a sum total of £10,427 of public money—over which the State exercises its control—devoted to the support of the "dignities" that should surround the Bishop of Ossory. It is true that they formerly were the appurtenances of three bishops, but, as they were mere appurtenances or appendages, they had no right to survive the functionary to whom they belonged. The deans and chapters of Ferns and Leighlin had no right to get under the wings of Ossory like two clutches of motherless chickens getting under one hen, already engaged in sheltering her own progeny. The Dean of Ferns has declared publicly that he considers his dignity a "sham," and states that the only act he ever did in virtue of his office was to apply an old rusty seal to some document in a single instance. The only signs of "dignity" which the public can see about these titular functionaries are the straight collars of their coats and vests, their knee-breeches and leggings, and the ornament which Cobbett irreverently called a fireshovel hat. These marks of distinction entitle them to a certain precedence in court ceremonials, and they are generally placed on the list of vice-regal chaplains, indicating also that they are open to an episcopal appointment.

I went to Ferns on Good Friday last, hoping to find there at least the shadows of the dean and chapter, and something that deserved the name of a cathedral. But the building dignified with that name is a small barn-like structure, one of the ordinary country churches, with the usual heavy square

tower. The bishop's "throne" is an elevated pew, now used as a reading-desk. The "stalls" of the dean and chapter are small seats in two dark corner pews at the bottom of the church, under the gallery, and over each, in faded letters on the mouldy wall, is the title of the dignitary to whom it belongs. The dignitaries were screened from vulgar eyes by curtains, which became a useless piece of furniture when their glory had departed, and so the rector has very properly turned them to account as window-blinds to keep the glare of the sun off the pulpit during divine service. The congregation on this great holiday was a mere handful, perhaps twenty persons. The rector is the Rev. Robert Fishbourne, an able and faithful minister, who had been ordained in that same church forty years ago, and after thirty years' labour in the diocese was promoted to this living by the present bishop with extraordinary and creditable promptness. He very kindly gave me information concerning the church, showed me the ecclesiastical ruins, and conducted me through the palace grounds. I observed to him that I thought the church looked very dingy and damp, and expressed surprise that it was not kept in better order. He assured me that damp was not the cause of the dinginess, that, on the contrary, it is remarkably dry, but that it has not been cleaned or painted for many years, certainly not during the ten years that he has been there, and he does not know how long besides. "The Ecclesiastical Commissioners," he said, "are very careful about the painting of the outside work, but will do nothing of the sort inside, unless a considerable portion of the cost is paid by the parishioners. I have spoken to my people on the subject, but as they made a handsome collection to present with an address to one of my curates, who, after six years' stay, left us last November, and did the same last January for a second, who had been here four years, and as they since subscribed to purchase a new harmonium, I could not just now, nor for some time, call on them for another collection to paint the church. And as the Commissioners are considered to possess ample funds, many persons make objections to giving subscriptions for church purposes."

There it is. The habit of relying upon the State extinguishes public spirit among the people. They are content to sit in a dismal, dirty, dingy church for ten or twenty years rather than put their hands in their pockets to meet the trifling expense of keeping it in proper order and making it comfortable and cheerful, because there are funds in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Yet we do not see why the Commissioners should blame them for this apathy, since they have undertaken themselves to supply all the necessaries of the church, not only giving the minister his surplice gratis, but actually washing it for him into the bargain. But even this state of things is better than the old vestry system under which the parish church was converted into a bear-garden every Easter Monday, about the vestry-rate against which the Roman Catholic ratepayers uproariously contended with the rector and his friends, protesting that they ought not to be compelled to pay for the sweeping of the church, the washing of the surplice, and even for the bread and wine used in the sacrament, which was an outrage upon their consciences.

It has been said that Ireland is a land of anomalies, but they are not as numerous now as they were in former times. The Roman Catholic peasantry have such reverence for holy places that they will devoutly kiss the ancient monuments and carry away portions of the sacred earth where the saints were buried. Yet I have seen some of these ancient burial grounds without fences, and so completely unprotected that the pigs went rooting among the graves and monuments while the bones of the dead were cropping up from the soil. I have seen within the better protected precincts of a famous old abbey heaps of bleached skulls piled up against the ruined walls like cannon balls at Woolwich. The Reformers had such a love for antiquity that without reference to population or any of the requirements of the existing generation, they placed their bishops and deans and chapters where they had been placed by the founders of the sees hundreds of years before, though what was then a considerable town and a royal residence had become a poor village. Yet from the Reformation down to a very late period not the slightest care was taken to preserve the most interesting ecclesiastical monuments and historical records. Thus, for example, the parochial records of Dunsshaughlin—once a bishopric—which had been complete for more than three hundred years, and had been removed to the residence of an incumbent for safe keeping, were, on his death, sold to a grocer in the village for waste paper and waste parchment, and so destroyed. The ruins of the most beautiful buildings of old times fared no better. The case of the abbey and abbey church of Ferns is a striking example. Both stood within the bishop's demesne, immediately adjoining the modern

church. They were among the most interesting historic remains in Ireland. Ferns, the "stately city," was once the capital of the kingdom of Leinster. The magnificent castle, the only remaining tower of which commands a view of nearly the whole county, is a more modern structure, erected by Strongbow; but it was very much damaged in the course of ages, during the conflicts between contending races and creeds. The abbey and its beautiful church shared the same fate. The ruins now consist merely of two sides of a cloister, or a small chapel with some windows, ornamented with elaborate sculpture, and a very interesting round tower or steeple. These ruins are the remains of an Augustinian monastery, founded by King Dermot M'Murragh. Though the Cromwellian troops made sad havoc of it, the portion they spared might have been better preserved. But year after year the ruins grew less and less, the materials disappearing under the eyes of the bishops. It could scarcely be expected that Englishmen like Thomas Ram, George Andrews, Robert Price, Richard Boyle, Narcissus Marsh, Josiah Hart, John Hoadley, William Cottrell, Robert Downs, John Garnett, Thomas Salmon, Charles Jackson, and others from the same favoured country, would take much interest in mere Irish antiquities. What did they care about St. Edan or St. Mogue, by whom the cathedral was founded, or any of the abbots his successors? The monument of St. Mogue, however, was dug up with some other relics of the past. He is represented lying on his back, with a mitre on his head and a cross on his breast. When the church was repaired in 1817, the tomb of this ancient prelate was inclosed in a recess in the wall adjoining the pulpit, and the following inscription was placed over it:—"Under this monument are interred the remains of St. Edan, commonly called St. Mogue, the founder of this cathedral, and first bishop of Ferns; he discharged the duties of the pastoral office with piety and Christian zeal for the space of fifty years, and died at an advanced age, January 31, A.D. 632." This monument is considered very sacred by the Roman Catholics, who believe it to be invested with miraculous power. They consequently come from great distances, and stealing into the church whenever they find the doors open, kiss it as an infallible cure for toothache. Clearly, then, this monument is not in its proper place. It ought to be either given up to the Roman Catholic bishop, or sent to a museum.

The Episcopal Palace was first erected in 1630 by Bishop Ram, an able and active prelate, who recovered some portions of the alienated property, and founded a family with a fine estate, established at Gorey, in the co. Wexford. It was this prelate who, in reply to queries directed by King James I., described the methods he had adopted for converting the natives. First, he had "carried himself" in a mild and gentle manner, referring the severity of correction unto the judges of this land in their circuits. Secondly, when mild methods failed, he proceeded to excommunication, and ultimately he adopted the stronger methods, which required the aid of sheriffs. When the recusants were brought before him in custody, he first endeavoured to convince them by persuasions and reasons, together with their apparent and present danger, hoping to make them relent. But himself prevailing nothing with them, he entreated their landlord, Sir Henry Wallopp, to try what he could do with them, but all in vain. Finally, he had the offenders brought singly to him, and asked them to give security that they would attend the curate's house twice or thrice a week to have the Church Service read to them in private. "But," said he, "they jumped all in one answer—as if they had known beforehand what offer I would tender unto them, and had been catechized by some priest what answer to make—viz., that they were resolved to live and die in that religion, and that they knew they must be imprisoned at length, and therefore (said they) as good now as hereafter."* It is a curious fact that the present representative of the Ram family, with his wife, has become a convert to the Church of Rome; prepared for that course, probably, by the aesthetic charms of Roman worship on the Continent, and partly driven to it, it is said, by the repulsive intolerance of the Protestant clergy and people of his own parish.† Bishop Ram ruled the diocese for a quarter of a century. He was at an advanced age when he built the Palace of Ferns, and he is said to have placed over the portal the following inscription:—

"This house Ram built for his succeeding brothers.
Thus sheep bear wool; not for themselves, but others."

The present structure, however, was erected by Bishop Cleaver, who was translated to this see in 1789. During the

* The Rev. Dr. Brady, in *Fraser*, Jan., p. 21.

† The history of this conversion is a little romance, which must be reserved for a future number.

Rebellion of 1798 it was seriously damaged and plundered by the rebels, his library and property of all kinds being destroyed, though he himself escaped personal violence. He was succeeded by the Honourable Percy Jocelyn, son of Lord Roden, then by Lord Totenham Loftus, both of whom were successively translated to Clogher. As these prelates belonged to noble families their expenditure was of great importance to the village, which is inhabited almost entirely by poor people.

The last of the Bishops of Ferns was Dr. Elrington, who entered Trinity College as a sizar with nothing to depend upon but his talents and industry, and won his way first to a scholarship, then a Fellowship, and finally to the office of Provost, which placed him at the head of the University. Having been ten years Bishop of Limerick, he was translated to Ferns in 1822, and held the see till he died in 1835. He is still gratefully remembered at Ferns by Roman Catholics as well as Protestants. Eminently learned, he was also zealous and active in the cause of religion, and did not shrink from encountering the late Bishop Doyle in defence of the Establishment. And though he had spent so much of his life in college he lived in a manner becoming his condition, giving employment, circulating money, and taking an interest in the poor people around him. A monument was erected in the cathedral by his clergy "to testify their admiration of his character as a bishop of the Church of Christ, of his virtues as a member of society, and of his learning as a scholar and divine." He died July the 12th, 1835, aged 74, having issued from the press no less than twenty-five separate publications, sermons, charges, and pamphlets.* At his death the see was abolished, or rather united to Ossory, and its revenues were taken charge of by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who let the see lands and the palace to Mr. Butler Bryan. Though a layman this gentleman endeavoured to preserve what remained of the ecclesiastical ruins, and employed men to restore some portions of them at his own expense—a thing that seems never to have been thought of by the Bishops, or by the owner of the castle, or any one else but this stranger. Mr. Butler Bryan would also have been a benefactor to the neighbourhood, but very soon after he was settled in Ferns he was assassinated. Walking alone in his shrubbery he was approached by a person in the garb of a peasant, who gave him a letter, and, while in the act of reading, presented a pistol and shot him dead, in revenge, it was supposed, for some former injury, real or imaginary. The assassin, who was believed to have come from Tipperary, was never punished, though a man was tried for the offence.

The successors of Bishop Ram did not fare much better than himself in the work of converting the natives. There are in the diocese 26 livings, each with an average population of 98 members of the Established Church, and 1,749 Roman Catholics; that is, not one to seventeen of the population belong to the Established Church. The incumbents of these 26 livings enjoy, on an average, £304. 19s. 5d. each. The following is a list of these benefices, which includes several unions:—Ballybrennan, Coolstuffe, Rathmaknee, Castle Ellis, Templescobin, Hook, Carne, Edermine, Whitechurch, Duncormick, Adamstown, Bannow, Killegney, Taghmon, Preban, Mullrankin, Killinick, Rosddroit, Kilmenanagh, Tomhaggard, Tacumshane, Clone, Ballywaldon, Horetown, Featherd, Killurln. The union of Castle Ellis contains four parishes; Mullrankin, four; Killinick, five; and Tacumshane, seven. There are half a dozen parishes, with only 30 members of the Established Church between them, some having 2, some 3, some 4, and so on. The total population of the Diocese of Ferns in 1834 was 197,000, of which 24,672 belonged to the Established Church, and 172,789 to the Church of Rome. The total population in 1861 was 151,368, of which 14,383 belonged to the Established Church, and 135,650 to the Church of Rome. This shows a diminution of more than 10,000 in the Church population of this diocese. For these 14,000 Church people there are 63 beneficed clergymen, with a net income of £14,812. There are besides 17 curates, enjoying an income of £1,365. 13s. 9d.

The diocese of Leighlin contains 10 benefices, the Church population of which is under 50 persons. It has 29 livings, the average Church population of which is 72 souls, the average Roman Catholic population 1,270, and the average value of each living £224. The total number of benefices, including four perpetual cures, is 59, and the net income of the clergy £13,030. In 1834, the Church population of this diocese was 20,391; in 1861, it was reduced to 13,022.

As we passed through the diocese of Ferns, we observed traces of numerous churches and churchyards, which show that in past times the number of parishes was much greater. In uniting these old parishes into one benefice, the usual

mistakes were committed; we find good incomes and small congregations, and small incomes with fair congregations. There exists at present no power to correct such abuses; but, as we have already remarked, the Bishop has managed somehow to get men of competent means to fill the small posts. Of this many examples might be given. Thus, the Rev. McNevin Bradshaw, the incumbent of Ardamine, with 197 Church people, has his parish church three or four miles from his rectory; while he has a pretty memorial chapel, built by Mr. S. Richards, also to provide for, which he could not do if he were not a man of property, for the net income of the benefice is only £85. Mrs. Bradshaw shows what can be done by a minister's wife with good means and a missionary spirit, and what is being done in many cases by the wives and daughters of clergymen throughout the country. She is indefatigable in her work, conducting all sorts of benevolent societies, and labouring to improve the condition of the fishing population about Courtown Harbour. Her first act, on coming of age and getting the control of her property, was to send over £600 to the rector of the parish in which she then resided to clear off the debt on the church. The case of Mr. Bradshaw presents a sort of difficulty, which bishops sometimes feel—how to promote deserving ministers, without inflicting a serious privation on the parishes in which they labour. The parish of Kiltunnel is in the gift of the Earl of Courtown. It is extensive, and the glebe house grows larger and larger with each rector. The gross income is £96 per annum, with twenty-two acres of beautifully situated, but not very profitable land. Hence, Lord Courtown feels obliged, when a vacancy occurs, to look out for a clergyman of private means, who can afford to occupy the position, and who would be personally acceptable to him, inasmuch as the rector acts very much as his private chaplain.

We have remarked, with reference to the diocese of Meath, that glebe lands are sometimes alienated from the Church, no one can tell how. A case which has occurred in the neighbourhood of Gorey may help us to understand the process. It appears there is an Act of Parliament still in force, which has escaped the notice of members of Parliament who are supposed to watch specially over the interests of the Church. Under this Act a rector may give a lease for thirty-one years of an outlying glebe to a middleman for half its value, and the middleman can then, if he please, sublet. The incumbent who does this may obtain a heavy fine, and he may do so towards the end of his own tenure; or he may give it to a member of his own family, who will thus be enabled to enjoy the property of the Church for thirty-one years; and if there is not somebody to look sharply after it, and take proceedings for its recovery, his family may enjoy it in perpetuity, as many families have done under similar circumstances. The parish of Kilcavan is one of those which have been absorbed in unions. Its glebe land, which is beautifully situated at the foot of Tara Hill, yields to the rector of the parish £12 a year, the farm being sublet by a gentleman who is a constabulary officer, to whom the lease was granted by his father, his benefice being sequestrated for debt.

The glebe land of the parish of Donoghmore has been lost. There is no ground even to build a house on. The parish, with 120 Protestants, has just been conferred on the Rev. Mr. Murdock, who succeeds a good and amiable man, who is said to have been "clergyman, physician, public lecturer, and general mechanist" for the whole neighbourhood, and was fortunately able to gratify his philanthropic tastes, to rent a large house, and to exercise hospitality. In this parish are some of the leading families of the county with Mr. George, M.P., Mr. Pounden, and Mr. White. The new rector is an unmarried man, without a residence in the parish, and having a gross income of £129 a year. Another of these parochial anomalies may be mentioned. There is a mountainous parish, with a gross income of £177 a year, the glebe house being at one end, and the church at the other—five or six English miles distant—the drive from one to the other being through Wicklow Gap. The late rector, starting early for Sunday school and service, had to carry his dinner with him, and eat it in the vestryroom, that he might be able to take an afternoon service in a schoolroom on his way home. The Rev. Solomon Donovan appeared to be sinking fast under this toil; but the bishop has had compassion on him, and promoted him to the parish of Hoaretown.

Wexford is the chief town of the county. It is a good old English town, where a number of small gentry and retired officers live economically. The population is 12,000. The benefice is a union which consists of no less than 17 parishes, and though the length of the union is 10 miles, and its length 3½ miles; the total Church population, according to

* Several of his works had appeared under the signature of "S. N."

Capt. Stacpole's returns, is only about 1,000. In 1834 it was double that number. There are two churches in the town, which would accommodate 1,000 persons, and one at Rathspeck, which accommodates 100. The incumbent, the Rev. James Peed, is said to have had the honour of converting Archbishop Whately to mesmerism, and induced him to establish a Mesmeric Infirmary in Aungier-street, Dublin, where they attempted to cure cripples by "passes." Mr. Peed has two curates, but the amount of salary set down for curates in Stacpole's return is only £69. 4s. 7d. Income, including Rathspeck, gross £720, net £415. Enniscorthy is the principal business town in the county Wexford, situated on the Slaney, which is navigable from Wexford. It is one of the most flourishing towns in the south, and as it is about the centre of the county, the Church of Rome has made it the head-quarters of the diocese, where the Bishop resides, and has his cathedral—preferring convenience and utility to the claims of old St. Mogue and Ferns. The benefice is a union, with 39 acres of glebe land, and rent charge, £1,014; net income, £653. The Church accommodates 700, the Church population being 1,298 in a union of five parishes, St. Mary's, St. Johns, Ballyaskard, Temple-Shannon, and Clonmore. The population of the town is 5,396, and of the union, 10,595. New Ross is a union of seven parishes, the rector having a gross income of £864, net £550. There is church accommodation in New Ross for 1,000, and in Old Ross for 150. The total Church population of the union is about 800, the population of the borough being more than 7,000. The church is a handsome building, adjoining an old abbey. The incumbent, an excellent minister, is son of the late Lord Chief Justice Bushe, one of the greatest ornaments of the Irish Bar.

In the leading towns of the diocese, it must be confessed, then, that the Established Church cuts a poor figure, when her people are compared with the total population; and what she has done and is doing for religion, charity, and civilization will, I fear, look very small beside what has been done in the same towns by the Roman Catholic priesthood from their own unaided resources.

THE IRISH CHURCH COMMISSION AND THE "IRISH CHURCH DIRECTORY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In the LONDON REVIEW of April 21st, and in a previous number, your "Irish Church Commissioner," in referring to the "Irish Church Directory," fell into an error in taking it for granted that there is *no church* in the benefice of Ballyloughloe, because he found "a blank" in the "Church Accommodation" column. Had he looked to the explanation, at page 32, of the reference signs used throughout the book, he would have seen that "an asterisk (*) is placed in the 'Glebe Land' column where *no glebe land* exists; also in the 'Church Accommodation' column, to signify that there is *no church*."

As in the case of Ballyloughloe, where no information on the subject of church accommodation was supplied to the compiler of the "Directory," the space was necessarily left blank.

Happily, there are now but few blanks in any of the columns of statistics of the Irish Church in the "Directory." The incumbents have for every edition been invited to complete their returns, and, with few exceptions, have filled them up. It is to be hoped that those few will furnish the required information for the next edition. By so doing, they may possibly save themselves much trouble and vexation in being obliged publicly through the press to meet the charges of those who are doing their best to write down the Irish Church, and who seize upon and take advantage of the most trifling error or omission.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES CHARLES,
Compiler of the "Irish Church Directory."

*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette Office,
61, Middle Abbey-street, Dublin, May 2, 1866.*

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Navan (received).

FINE ARTS.

THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.

THE water-colour painters this year have fallen rather below the standard which they have raised for themselves. Whether we look at the exhibition of the Institute or that of the old Society, it is impossible not to be struck with the general air of accomplished mannerism of the great names, and the unaccomplished art of those who have yet a name to make. There are exceptions to this somewhat sweeping condemnation, as we shall endeavour, in all justice, to point out; but, on the whole, the aspect of water-colour art just now, as it is to be observed in the exhibitions of the societies, is not flattering to the painters and not encouraging to the advance of the art. Our school of water-colour, which, it is enough to say,

claims to be the school of the world, seems to be animated by no aspirations towards the higher reaches of art; the painters never venture to tread beyond the mere threshold of the great historical, religious, and dramatic styles, or if they do attempt anything above the picturesque and the ornamental in colour it is generally only to make themselves ridiculous. It is perfectly true that the material, as it is employed at present and for many years past, does not conduce much to a painter's free and vivid expression of his thoughts; it is one that refuses to be strong unless the hand itself is potent with mind, but it is, unfortunately, only too facile, and lends itself too readily to the painting of feeble prettiness. Hence we have the long succession of works abounding in delicate beauty of a most pleasing and fascinating kind to the eye but not bringing much to the thoughts. The water-colour painter accepts, in fact, a lower part, and, it must be granted, he plays it well—admirably; yet, we must remind him that he himself sets the limits by not passing through the same curriculum of study pursued by painters of the highest style. Whenever a water-colour painter attempts to be dramatic, not to speak of the higher style of composition, his figures become either bundles of gay-coloured draperies or stiff, ill-jointed forms, in which bones, muscles, and life, could not exist. Of course, he is not to be blamed for using prettily-dressed puppets to set off his picturesque interiors, an architect is permitted this in his necessarily limited view, but here his knowledge of the figure may very properly be allowed to exhaust itself without assuming the burden of a subject. We should not be loyal to criticism if, out of indulgence to certain respected painters, we overlooked the instances in the present exhibition of the kind of straining after a style of subject which is entirely out of reach of the painters who attempt it. Mr. Warren's "Deborah sitting in Judgment" is a glaring instance, and this with many of those marks of that feebleness which, in the old masters, is spoken of with indulgence, as being in their "later manner." It would have been a great mercy if we had been spared all "later manners," for in art not to be perfect is worse than to be silent, but when a painter is so vain of his past honours that he attacks subjects he would have shrunk from with diffidence in his prime, we can only look on with regret. However, supposing that Mr. Warren had painted this picture thirty years ago, it would have been only more perfect in execution; in idea it would probably have been conceived in the same highly orthodox and very prosaic manner. The centre figure of Deborah high up under the palm-tree, three sages of the Jews seated in a regular formal and symmetrical order on each side, the groups of the falsely-accused slave and the real murderer in the foreground, and so on, strongly resembles the style in which a theatrical posture-master would arrange his tableau. The truth that the water-colour artist who assumes to paint these great subjects of religious art has to learn, is that they demand a power of conception and a profound acquaintance with the science, so to speak, of the art such as they never dream of in their philosophy.

Mr. Absolon equally deserves blame for attempting such a subject as "Elijah admonishing Ahab to follow the true God" (201). It is not enough that we should be shown a small figure of a bald old man, standing, as a stage-manager would signify it, in the appropriate attitude; and that Ahab should be seated under an awning surrounded by attendants grouped in becoming poses, with a view of the Egyptian desert beyond. To say nothing against the common stage effect of this kind of composition, the scale in which it is given precludes anything approaching that fine expression of the head which is the very life and soul of a subject-picture. To paint, with adequate expression, great religious subjects like this would tax the powers of a most refined artist, and yet we see them attempted with all the assumption and confidence imaginable. Mr. Corbould again paints with all the bright colours (not colouring let it be observed) that can be scattered over the picture, "Jehu defying Jezebel"—a subject that admits of the grandest treatment, and one that, carved by an Assyrian sculptor, would be grandly treated, but, as we see it handled by our very accomplished water-colour artist, becomes absolutely trivial in all its toy-like ornaments, its four impossible horses abreast prancing in front of the chariot, and Jehu himself the very image of a circus hero at Astley's; while Jezebel, as a sort of Spanish beauty, appears at a balcony window curiously composite in its architecture of painted Egyptian columns—a tawdry figure that only helps to give the whole work an absurdly theatrical and "got up" look. By all means let Mr. Corbould indulge in any fancies that will enable him to hang colour and painted finery on chariots and horsemen, but let this be in fairy legends, like his "Undine" (208); in sacred history nothing can well be more inappropriate. Mr. Louis Haghe has two pictures which, although not nearly so pretentious as those we have referred to, nevertheless assume just so much the character of subject-pictures as to show their deficiencies in the requisite dramatic power. As picturesque groups in well-costumed Flemish figures, his "Sortie" and "Return" (54 and 63) are excellent; but we feel the want of life and earnestness in every figure, even in the group of women round the wounded man, and the heavy large-headed soldiers who bear the litter on which a dead officer may be supposed to be borne, for the artist has prudently chosen to leave this to the imagination of the spectator. When figures are employed as Mr. Haghe knows so well how to introduce them, as accessories to some fine church interior, like his "St. Peter's" of last year, the St. Gomar at Lierre, or the noble chambers of the Hotel de Ville of Bruges, the splendid halls of Fontainebleau, or the "Bureau de Bienfaisance of Ghent" (153), we can admire the whole work

for its beauty of another kind that has nothing to do with any dramatic action of his figures. Mr. Wehnert has often before painted better figures than the "Shylock" and "Jessica" in the exhibition of the Institute, though in the head of the Jew there is more expression than is attempted generally by water-colour artists, and so far the work has merit; but the expression ends with the head, where it should only begin, and be carried through the figure. In these figures there is the usual lifelessness and stiff doll-like form, which we are obliged to tolerate in our water-colour school. If we turn to the exhibition of the Old Society, we see much the same want of drawing capacity and solid knowledge of artistic anatomy. Mr. John Gilbert is the chief offender here, and of all his dashing performances in what he imagines to be historical and dramatic illustration, we can remember nothing much more preposterous than his "Marriage of Catherine and Petruchio" (33), and "Agincourt" (137). Nothing but degradation can come of work of this aim. Let Mr. Gilbert keep to his picturesque groups of Venetian senators in some antique chamber, rich with dark wainscot and tapestry, and its ponderous ornamental furniture—these are within his means, the historical is not. In the figures of Mr. Lundgrew and Mr. Lamont, two newly elected members of the society, the feebleness of the drawing, and the small sentiment of such works as "Echos du Temps passé," by Mr. Lamont, and (156) "In Memoriam," by Mr. Lundgrew, tell but little in favour of the taste and critical judgment of the society. We cannot omit to notice here, too, the mistake of seeking for recruits among foreign artists in this way, when we have seen by the general Exhibition how much more healthy talent there is amongst English artists unknown to the society. It is not that if a foreign artist of superior merit expresses his intention to make England his home, and our Water-Colour Exhibition his profit, he should be ineligible, but that the societies should be cautious as to the character of their art, lest it should become unrepresentative, and even opposed to the style and sentiment of the English school. Unfortunately, there are two other new elections of which we cannot feel proud, though the artists are Englishmen, at least so long as they continue to exhibit such examples of perverted view and bad taste as Mr. E. B. Jones's "Le Chant d'Amour" (72), and Mr. F. Walker's "The Bouquet" (25). Mr. Jones assumes the mediæval affectation, and the society humour his absurd vagaries by exhibiting his drawing in one of the best places of the gallery. This work is intentionally painted in the primitive methods, and with all the crippled forms of poor Margaritone or any other of the pre-Giotto painters; it reprints, in its smudgy manner, a swarthy girl with the approved hair, playing the clavicon, the small bellows of which Cupid is working from behind, with his eyes bandaged and his bow laid aside among the row of tulips and gillyflowers, while the listening lover, in the shape of a clumsy hulk of a fellow in armour, lolls on the ground. The picture would not be worth the trouble of this description, were it not that we hope to give some idea of the contempt with which such things ought to be visited when they are put forward as works of art.

Mr. Walker's picture is equally bad in a different way, though it has considerable analogy in its obvious aim at exciting attention by absurd eccentricities of colouring and subject. It represents a stable-man giving a bunch of flowers to a boy and girl in a cabbage garden at the back of the stable. Mark the affectation of trying to force something poetic out of these common materials—a thing always within the grasp of a true artist, but denied to falsehood such as abounds in this picture. It would be impossible in words to give any idea of the prismatic harshness of colouring, the gracelessness of the figures, and the puerility of the whole work. After these, we can look upon the pretty figures of Mr. Goodall, Mr. Topham, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Frederick Taylor, and Mr. A. D. Tripp, with real thankfulness and enjoyment. If the realistic is desirable it may be studied without turning every object into a caricature as Mr. Walker chooses; this we see is possible, and with the combination of much that is beautiful in Mr. Smallfield's "Girl with Raspberries" (19). His "Mermaid" (173) is also a very truthful little work. Mr. Carl Haag is the one figure painter amongst the water-colour artists who can draw, and he has this year given some remarkable examples of his great talent in "A Family of Wandering Arabs," a principal member of which is the camel, on which the mother rides as she plays with her baby, and the father leads the beast over the desert, playing a tune on his reed pipe. Mr. Haag has a magnificent drawing also of "The Vestibale to the Temple Area at Jerusalem."

The landscapes in the exhibition we must reserve for a future occasion.

THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

THERE can be little doubt that the steady development of aesthetic taste, and the increased popularity of the fine arts in this country, are mainly due to the comparatively modern device of exhibition. A century has passed since the Royal Academy first adopted what was then considered the bold step of charging a shilling to the public for admission to an annual show of pictures; and some years elapsed before the income derived from that charge enabled the institution to become self-supporting. It is now a rich and independent body. A score of minor societies have sprung up, and do not hesitate to demand a similar fee in return for similar attractions. The principle has been found to answer, not only in a commercial point of view, but with reference to the higher objects of encouraging talent, exciting a generous emulation between artists

themselves, and promoting sound connoisseurship among amateurs. There is, however, one department of art which long remained unrepresented in this manner. The Royal Academy indeed opened its doors to works of architectural design as well as to those of painting and sculpture; but, whatever may have been the practice in former days, it is evident that of late years pictorial art has held a monopoly of attention in Trafalgar-square. Marble busts and groups have been long consigned to the cellars, while upstairs the insignificant room devoted to architecture has been so encroached upon with miniatures, crayon portraits, and second-rate water-colour drawings, as hardly to deserve the name by which it is described in the catalogue. To meet this difficulty, the architects determined in 1851—a year memorable in the annals of English art—to establish an Exhibition of their own. Like the Royal Academy and other British art institutions, it was somewhat migratory in its early youth, but it has since taken up a permanent abode in Conduit-street, Regent-street, where this week it has opened for its sixteenth season.

Although prepared to receive contributions from far and wide, the Council have always exercised a discretionary power to reject such designs as seem unworthy of exhibition. This necessity, coupled with the fact that the architects are unusually busy this year, and have had little time for the preparation of what may be called "show" drawings, happens to have considerably reduced the extent of the present display, and the reduction is rendered more apparent because a portion of the Gallery recently devoted to photographs has now been given up to its original purpose. On the other hand, the additional space thus acquired has enabled the "hanging committee" to escape those fierce denunciations which annually await their brethren in office at the Royal Academy. No exhibitor can complain of being "hung" out of sight in Conduit-street. There are rarely more than two or three rows of drawings on one wall, so that, practically, all may be described as being "on the line." The rooms themselves are lofty and well proportioned, excellently lighted both by day and night, and form in their entirety one of the most convenient and graceful art-galleries in the metropolis.

Among the works first named in the catalogue are some delicately tinted sketches of continental architecture by Mr. Thomas H. Watson, who has carried off more than one prize at the Royal Academy Schools, and who executed these drawings on his tour as its travelling student. The subjects are the church of S. Paolo, at Ferrara; the Cortile del Palazzo della Signoria, Florence; and S. Matthias, near Trèves. Not remarkable for that nice accuracy of outline which one might expect from an Academy prizeman, they nevertheless give, in a faithful manner, the *motive* of the architecture which they illustrate. Such studies, when accompanied by carefully measured plans and sections, are, perhaps, more valuable for reference than others which attempt (for the most part unsuccessfully) to combine an architect's attention to detail with the free brush handling of the water-colour artist. Mr. C. E. Giles sends a series of pretty little perspective views, which appear to have been drawn or lithographed in ink outline, and afterwards elaborately coloured. Drawings of this class will always be attractive in a gallery devoted to more formal illustration, but whether the general public can form a proper estimate of the merits of a design in architecture which is surrounded by brilliant green foregrounds and exceptional effects of cloud—may be doubted.

Mr. R. Phene Spiers is another young architect who, much to his credit, has carried off numerous prizes and honours at the Royal Academy. His early designs exhibited a predilection for that school of Renaissance in which a French influence may be traced, and which, in spite of its seductive grandeur, is open to numerous objections in regard both to taste and practical utility. We are, therefore, glad to find that this rising artist's continental tour has led him to study monuments of a different age and *ethos*. His sketches of the cathedral at Palermo, the little church of Sta. Maria della Spina at Florence, and of the "Golden Porch," Alte Schloss-Kirche, Marienburg, though evidently drawn with a less loving touch than that which he formerly bestowed on classic detail, are nevertheless very creditable performances, while the little view taken in the cloisters of St. John Lateran recalls very truthfully the charms of that beautiful and interesting quadrangle.

If the highest aim of the modern Gothic architect consists in reproducing the spirit of ancient work, Mr. Buckridge has succeeded admirably in his "Buildings for the Sisterhood of the Holy Trinity," at Oxford. They are chiefly noticeable for an absence of fussy detail, and for that solidity of effect which can be only obtained by broad surfaces of honest masonry, and a sturdy evidence of buttress strength.

A perspective view of the Richmond Grammar School, with proposed additions, boldly drawn with pen and ink, realizes all that is required of such representations. The design is by Messrs. Austin and Johnson, who have well preserved in their new work the character of the building which they enlarged.

The name of Mr. Bassett-Keeling has become so identified with that nondescript phase of quasi-mediævalism which reached an acme of absurdity in the Strand Music Hall, that it is pleasant to find a marked improvement in some of the designs which he exhibits this year. The Church of St. George, Campden-hill, and the Wesleyan Chapel at Dalston, still contain some extraordinary solecisms in the way of tracery and ornamental features; but his competitive design for St. Philip's, Camberwell, rises far above the average of his ordinary standard. It is to be regretted that Mr. Digby Wyatt's pencil is at once so prolific and so careless. Half the

number of sketches with which he filled his sketch-book last autumn would have been more useful to himself and to the public if he had spent a little more time on their execution. There is a species of delineative shorthand which, to the experienced eye, answers all the purposes of a finished drawing; but in these memoranda, clever as many of them undoubtedly are, we see an evidence of hasty execution which frequently misses the real character of the object portrayed. Some beautiful photographs of the altar and reredos of Hereford Cathedral exhibit the grace and skill of Mr. Boulton's decorative sculpture, in which we have long been accustomed to recognise a correct knowledge of the human figure combined with a respect for those traditional conventionalities which distinguish the mediaeval school as surely, though perhaps not so sternly, as the motive of Greek bas-relief. Of Mr. C. Broderick's ingenious design for the Custom-house, Bombay, it is sufficient to say that, while it retains in an eminent degree the characteristics of Indian architecture, there is nothing about it incompatible with European notions of comfort and convenience.

Mr. Charles J. Phipps has established quite a *spécialité* of his own by investing military buildings with a picturesque interest widely remote from the mean and rigid formality which once distinguished the barrack and guard-house. His domestic architecture, as exemplified in some villas recently erected in the neighbourhood of Bath, is also sound and excellent in taste.

While fully acknowledging the invidious task necessarily attached to the rejection of inferior designs, we cannot help thinking that the Council of the Architectural Exhibition have shown an unwise leniency in hanging many drawings, which can serve no other purpose than that of filling up blank wall-space. A third-rate shop-front, drawn *in extenso* below a triple row of commonplace windows, which only differ from each other in the colour of their blinds or curtains, is surely out of place in a gallery devoted to the illustration of art. A still more objectionable instance might be pointed out in a group of photographs from very unimportant buildings surrounding a photograph of the architect by whom they were designed. The various modes of advertising every species of trade in the present day are excusable only on the ground that they are in accordance with the spirit of the age, and that shopkeepers who have an eye to business rather than to the requirements of social life, must do as their neighbours do. But when a professional man descends to such vulgarity as that to which we have just alluded, it becomes the duty of his *confrères* to discourage it in every way. We feel sure that few architects whose works are exhibited in Conduit-street will thank the hanging committee for allowing them to appear in such company.

Mr. D. Mocatta sends some hasty memoranda of architecture in Bologna and Milan, which are more interesting in their effect of colour than remarkable for accuracy of detail. The proscenium-panel of the new theatre at Nottingham is a very successful piece of mural painting, by Mr. Holyday. Shakespeare is represented in the centre, seated between Tragedy and Comedy. To the right and left of this group are depicted the principal characters of his plays. There is, perhaps, nothing very original in this conception; but there is much that is original and masterly in its treatment. Mr. Holyday is chiefly known as a decorative artist; but those who remember his easel pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy, will perceive in this work the wide range of which his talents are capable.

It is always melancholy to look upon a good architectural design which the Fates have forbidden to be carried out. The history of the proposed International Exhibition at Bombay is too well known to need a long description here. In the height of its prosperity a good work was projected by some disinterested and wealthy Anglo-Indians in conjunction with several natives of commercial distinction. But, unfortunately, just as all the necessary arrangements were perfected, a monetary crisis occurred at Bombay which plunged the promoters into difficulties, and the whole scheme fell to the ground. The building was designed by Mr. Trubshawe, of Bombay, and Mr. T. Roger Smith, of London. Externally, on account of the climate in which it was to have been erected, it necessarily presents a wide expanse of roof. The arrangement of this feature is, however, very picturesquely treated, and, combined with a good plan, results in a well-composed mass. The decoration of the interior is plain, but graceful and judicious. Mr. Cockerell's competition design for the St. Pancras Station of the Midland Railway Company is illustrated by some beautifully tinted elevations, and a perspective view of the principal front. Opinions may differ regarding the peculiar type of Italian art which this artist embodies in his conceptions, but it is impossible to help recognising the familiar acquaintance with classic art which they evince, as well as the refinement of their detail. Side by side with Mr. Cockerell's drawings is another set submitted in the same competition by Mr. Owen Jones. Beyond the fact that the central and the first floor have changed places, the latter design presents nothing remarkable in the way of architectural feature, the artist having apparently regarded each façade as a mere field for chromatic decoration, to be divided into slips and panels from floor to floor and between the windows. The iron arch-head of the station roof is also subdivided in a very interesting manner; and one cannot resist the conviction that although Mr. Jones has gained well-deserved renown in other directions, he is here somewhat out of his element.

Some sketches of old French architecture in Brittany and Normandy, by Mr. George Nattress, exhibit great power of colour and appreciation of the picturesque. Less careful in drawing, but more vigorous in touch, are the works of Mr. Petit, a distin-

guished amateur, who has for many years past contributed from his well-stocked portfolio to the annual exhibition in Conduit-street.

Mr. Edis, one of the honorary secretaries to the society, sends several interesting pencil-studies of French architecture, which are well worth inspection. The design for a Hall of Science and Art, to which the last gold medal scholarship and books were awarded by the Royal Academy, comprises a set of beautifully-executed drawings by Mr. A. M. Ridge. In composition, this work possesses the inevitable symmetry of all academical designs, and the details are not always well chosen; but, regarded as the performance of a student, it is exceedingly creditable.

Two charming drawings by Mr. T. Wells—a distant view of the "Alhambra" and an interior study of the "Mosque at Cordova"—afford good proof that some at least of the rising school of architects have learnt to wield the water-colour brush as skilfully as the T square. It would be difficult to surpass the delicacy and tenderness with which these subjects are handled. Thoroughly conscientious both in effect and method of execution, they wear an air of reality widely different from the conventionally-tinted perspectives which the travelled student used to make, and too often still brings home with him.

We regret to pass over other works of which, if space allowed, we should have felt bound to record the merits. Among these we may allude to Mr. George Goldie's designs for the new Presbytery (in conjunction with St. Vincent's Church) at Cork, and the new Cathedral at Sligo, which is also intrusted to his professional skill. Two sketches for stained glass by Messrs. Maton, Butler, & Bayne exhibit in no small degree the artistic qualities with which that well-known firm is justly accredited. Nor must we forget to mention some very interesting photographs of Indian architecture, part of a series now in course of publication, and contributed by Mr. James Fergusson.

The Exhibition opened with a private view on Monday, and a conversazione on Tuesday night, when, until the arrival of Mr. Beresford Hope, President of the Society, the Chair was taken by Mr. J. Bell. Messrs. Edis and Plumbe, Hon. Secs., Mr. White, Mr. J. H. Christian, the Rev. J. L. Petit, Mr. T. Roger Smith, Mr. S. J. Nicholl, Mr. Charles Eastlake, with many other architects and amateurs, some of whom addressed the meeting, were present on the occasion. Mr. Beresford Hope spoke in very encouraging terms of the advantages which had been afforded by the Exhibition, and might still be derived from it, adding that he trusted it would receive from the public that support which it certainly deserves.

MUSIC.

THE past week has been a busy one in the world of music, presenting various novelties, both at our opera-houses and concert-rooms.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, on Saturday, two additions were made to the singers of the season. Signor Mongini has been already heard in London some years since; but, during the interval of his absence, his improvement has been so great that he may almost be considered as a new comer. His naturally fine voice, while as powerful and brilliant as before, has become more mellowed and flexible; and the high chest notes which he produces with ease qualify him to cope with all the vocal difficulties of modern French and Italian opera. His tendency appears to be towards the declamatory and demonstrative style—hence the selection of the part of Manrico in "Il Trovatore" for his *début* was probably a judicious one. Certainly his success in it was as great and as genuine as could well be; and if he should prove equally competent in music of a higher order, the opera stage will have gained a tenor singer of inestimable value. Madlle. Lichtmay, the other new appearance of the evening, while displaying considerable vocal and dramatic merit, did not rise sufficiently beyond the average to justify extravagant hopes of her career here. Her performance as Leonora was sufficiently good to earn a fair share of applause, and probably in future performances she may gain on her public. The production of Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," originally announced for Thursday last, has been postponed to Tuesday next.

At the Royal Italian Opera, on Saturday, Madlle. Pauline Lucca added to the powerful impression she has already created, by her performance (for the first time) in Donizetti's "La Favorita." This lady bids fair to become one of the greatest of modern singers of heroic opera. Mr. Gye seems destined to be peculiarly fortunate this season, for Tuesday evening brought forward a lady, unheralded and unknown here, who appears likely to fill up the void left in lyric tragedy by the secession of Madame Grisi. Madame Maria Vilda (from Berlin) appears to possess every requisite, both vocal and histrionic, for the ultimate attainment of the highest position in her art. A soprano voice at once powerful, brilliant, sympathetic, and flexible—certainty of intonation and execution, and a compass of upwards of two octaves of equal quality and power—an impressive and handsome presence, graceful and dignified gestures—such are the merits of the new Norma, who will doubtless infuse a still greater degree of tragic passion into her performance after gaining that entire confidence which should result from the very marked success of her first appearance. Her delivery of the air, "Casta Diva," was a rare combination of pathetic expression and bravura singing; and, in short, throughout the opera her performance was that of an intellectual and accomplished artist, occasionally, perhaps, somewhat restrained by the reserve insepar-

able from the nervousness of a first appearance in a part so trying in itself, as well as from the inevitable comparisons it suggests.

The following is the programme of the Fourth Philharmonic Concert, which took place on Monday, and was especially interesting as having introduced to the London public a young pianist of exceptionally high powers and accomplishments :—

PART I.

Symphony in G Minor	Mozart.
Aria, Mdlle. Sinico, "La nonna mia" (Der Freischutz).....	Weber.
Concerto in B Minor, Pianoforte, Mdlle. Mehlig.....	Hummel.
Aria, Mr. Hohler, "In terra ci divisero" (I due Illustri Rivali).....	Mercadante.
Overture (Berggeist)	Spohr.

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Aria, Mdlle. Sinico, "Vedrai carino" (Don Giovanni)	Mozart.
Scherzo, Pianoforte, Mdlle. Mehlig	Chopin.
Duet, Mdlle. Sinico and Mr. Hohler, "Mira la bianca luna"	Rossini.
Overture (L'Alcade de la Vega)	Onslow.

It is difficult to recognise the orchestra of this establishment as the same band as that of several past seasons, so much has the habit of playing together tended to that amalgamation and fusion which were so evidently wanting during the first two or three years after the changes made among the instrumentalists here. It is scarcely possible to assemble a finer wind band than that of this society ; nor could the stringed instruments easily be improved on, exception being taken to a little occasional coarseness in forte passages, and a frequent want of a sufficiently subdued *piano*. The conductor, however, is chiefly responsible for these faults—against which we must place the generally judicious judgment of Professor Bennett in regulating the speed of performance. With the knowledge of a highly-accomplished and thoughtful musician, he distinguishes between the old and the modern signification of "Allegro," "Presto," and other terms indicating the time of performance ; and, unlike some performers and conductors of the day, he knows that the same terms fifty or sixty years since had very different meanings from their modern ones. The orchestral playing of Monday evening exemplified all that we have just said. Of Mdlle. Mehlig's performance it would be difficult to speak too highly. Although very young, she has all the self-control and calm power of a veteran artist ; and the strong and sustained interest which she gave to one of Hummel's longest and (to our thinking) driest concertos, was a sufficient test of her capabilities. As a composition, the Concerto in B minor cannot compare with the similar works of its author in A minor and A flat, as it has neither the same regularity of structure nor richness and variety of detail. It abounds in difficulties, and contains many passages of graceful beauty and ingenious elaboration ; but they have too frequently a detached effect, rather than that of component portions of a regularly-framed composition. Seldom has the work been rendered so effectively as by Mdlle. Mehlig's admirable interpretation, which was not only mechanically excellent, but also evinced a thorough appreciation of the school to which the concerto belongs. Equally successful was her performance of Chopin's very difficult solo. With great power and untiring energy Mdlle. Mehlig combines the most refined grace and delicacy of touch and style—her passage playing is exquisitely finished, and her phrasing has that rhythmical clearness which denotes a high order of musical feeling. With great power of wrist, as shown in her octave playing, she has also the utmost elasticity and independence of finger. In short, Mdlle. Mehlig is an artist of an exceptionally high order, whose future should be a brilliant one. She is to play Mendelssohn's Second Concerto at the concert of the Musical Society on Wednesday next. Of the vocal music it is only necessary to say that Mr. Hohler appears to better advantage in the concert-room than on the stage ; while the reverse is the case as regards Mdlle. Sinico.

The following programme of the third concert of the New Philharmonic Society (held on Wednesday) offers but little occasion for comment :—

PART I.

Overture (The Calm and Prosperous Voyage)	Mendelssohn.
Duetto, "La dove prende" (Il Flauto Magico), Madame Harriers Whippens and Mr. Santley	Mozart.
Aria, "Pensa alla patria" (L'Italiana in Algeri), Mdlle. Bettelheim	Rossini.
Grand Symphony in F, "Die Weihe der Tone" (The Power of Sound)	Spohr.
Aria, "Spirto gentil" (Favorita), Mr. T. Hohler	Donizetti.
Romanza, "Sei vendicata assai" (Dinorah), Mr. Santley	Meyerbeer.
Overture (Oberon)	Weber.

PART II.

Concerto in D, Violin, Herr Straus.....	Mozart.
Romanza, "Nel lasciar la Normandi," Madame Harriers Whippens	Meyerbeer.
Aria, "Una furtiva lagrima" (L'Elisir d'Hmore), Mr. T. Hohler	Donizetti.
Polonaise, for Orchestra (Struensée)	Meyerbeer.

The chief feature of the evening was Spohr's elaborate symphony, "The Power of Sound," which has been several times given by this Society, and which we have previously characterized as an ambitious attempt to measure strength with Beethoven, whose Pastoral Symphony is one of those grand achievements which only a genius of the very highest order is justified in essaying. Spohr's symphony, considered simply as a piece of gorgeous orchestral colouring, and a combination of exquisite melody and splendid harmony framed by the hand of a consummate master of his art, is worthy of all admiration—but in claiming for it the fulfilment of a profound metaphysical purpose, an interpretation of the sublimity and variety of nature, Spohr has gone beyond the capacity of his genius, which was essentially self-contained, and uniformly coloured by his personal idiosyncrasy. As a symphony *per se*, however, the "Power of Sound" is one of the most beautiful modern orchestral works, after those of Mendelssohn. Its performance at the New Philharmonic Concert could scarcely be otherwise than good, the work being so familiar to the splendid orchestra of this Society ; and the same may be said of the other orchestral pieces, all of them well known, with the exception of Meyerbeer's stately Polonaise. Of Mozart's violin concerto we have already spoken, on the occasion of its first performance (also by Herr Straus), at the third concert of the elder Philharmonic Society. The vocal music calls for no special remark, beyond observing that Mr. Hohler, although an apology was made for him on the score of hoarseness, made a highly favourable impression, especially by his very expressive and chaste singing of "Spirto gentil."

Mr. Henry Leslie's fourth subscription Concert on Friday week consisted almost entirely of madrigals and part-songs, ancient and modern—including the new compositions by Messrs. Leslie, Lahee, and Westbrook, which gained the prizes given by the Bristol Madrigal Society last year. The singing of the choir fully maintained the special reputation it has acquired by its refined performances.

THE LONDON THEATRES IN PARLIAMENT.

THE Committee on Theatrical Licenses and Regulations are evidently resolved to lighten their labours with a little amusement, and for this purpose they had "A morning with Buckstone" on Friday, the 27th of April. There are few protectionist doctrines, few appeals on behalf of a vested interest, that a popular low comedian could not make amusing, and Mr. Buckstone never appeared to greater comic advantage than he did before the committee. His first answer to the first question put by Mr. Locke was the signal for a burst of laughter in all parts of the room. Surveyors and "lambs" swarmed in from railway and election committees to see a performance that was evidently hearty and spontaneous, and not based upon an adaptation from the French. Mr. Buckstone, following in the footsteps of his old friend and fellow-manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster, who was examined before him, objected decidedly to any extension of dramatic "privileges," as they are called, to music-halls. He believed, with Mr. Elliston, that a barn might be the "hot-bed of genius," but, with Mr. Webster, that no good actor could be bred up in a music-hall. He seemed to be ignorant of the facts that Mrs. Boucicault, Miss Marie Wilton, and others were bred in music-halls, and that Robson was trained in the "Grecian" music-hall. Mr. Robson went to that suburban tavern-theatre in 1844, and left it in 1849, one year after the Lord Chamberlain of the period insisted that it should become a theatre ; that is, that no smoking or drinking should be openly encouraged in the auditorium. Amongst Mr. Robson's fellow-actors at this time were Miss Carlotta Leclercq and Miss Stephens, the latter now one of the best members of the Olympic company, and Mr. Robson's performances included some of his best songs and old characters.

Mr. Buckstone's evidence was meant to show that no immoral character ever went to a theatre, particularly to a west-end theatre ; and that the music-halls were mainly supported by them, particularly the "Alhambra."

Both Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Webster were for no compromise with the music-halls, and professed to have more regard for the drama as an art than for the evident wants of the public. Mr. Webster, to do him justice, was opposed to drinking and burlesques in theatres, though he admitted that the public liked burlesques, and went to public-houses between the acts. His evidence, on the whole, was fairer than Mr. Buckstone's.

The old blood of management having been disposed of on Friday, the new blood of management, represented by Mr. Boucicault, was had up on Monday. Mr. Boucicault's evidence was arranged more methodically than any that has yet been tendered to the committee. Mr. Boucicault spoke as an actor, an author, a manager, a builder of theatres, and a person having the largest interest in theatrical speculations of any man in London. Substantially he is a free-trader, and wishes to see the drama relieved from all fetters, as it is in America. In America there is no licenser of plays and no Lord Chamberlain. Any person can build a theatre anywhere without applying for leave or license to any authority ; he can turn it into a music-hall, or back again into a theatre at will, and represent unlicensed dramas before a smoking and drinking audience, or before an audience who prefer the drama without smoking and drinking. This liberty has not resulted in all the theatres becoming music-halls, and all the music-halls becoming theatres, as alarmists in England might expect, but in the line between music-halls and theatres being even more strongly marked than it is in

this old country of many licenses. The system in France is now very similar, with the exception of the censorship of plays—full liberty being given to every theatrical speculator to build and open a theatre in any quarter of the city, and equal liberty being given to every music-hall to perform stage plays. This liberal edict has now been in force about two years, and yet the drama in France has not been "degraded." Mr. Boucicault thinks that the standard of acting and dramatic writing is higher in America than in England, and there can be no question about the superior ingenuity and fruitfulness of French dramatic authors, or about the superior training of French actors.

Mr. E. T. Smith, of Astley's and Cremorne, was examined on the same day as Mr. Boucicault, and gave the same protectionist evidence as Mr. Webster and Mr. Buckstone. There was something highly amusing in having the importer of Menken express a fear that the drama would become fearfully degraded if associated with music-halls. Mr. E. T. Smith's evidence, however, was so far honest that he ridiculed Messrs. Webster and Buckstone's exaggerated championship of theatrical morality. Mr. Smith never heard that detectives were placed at the doors of theatres to keep out improper women, and boldly stated that he should admit any woman who paid her money and was not disorderly. When "kept-women" are never allowed to make "first appearances" at West-end theatres (generally in "A Day after the Wedding") for a money consideration, it will then be time for theatrical monopolists to fight free-traders on moral grounds, and not before.

SCIENCE.

In a late number we gave a brief account of the recent eruption in the island of Santorin, and at the same time mentioned that M. Fouqué had been sent out by the French Academy to investigate and report upon the phenomena. M. Fouqué's first letter to M. Saint-Claire Deville has just been read before the French Academy, and the following is an abstract of the conclusions which it states:—1. There exists in part of Néa-Kamméni a fissure in the earth, the three principal points in which are Georges, Aphroëssa, and Réka; from this there issue streams of lava which flow on either side toward the north or south, that is at right angles to the direction of the fissure. 2. The dimensions of these three eruptive centres increases every day, and this takes place rather by the increased quantity of lava than by any volcanic elevation of the land. 3. The sea-bottom between Réka and the southern point of Palea-Kamméni has been considerably elevated. 4. The part of Néa-Kamméni between Georges and Aphroëssa has also undergone some elevation. 5. The depression of the earth at the southeastern extremity of Néa-Kamméni, which appeared at first to have stopped, continues again. 6. There is now a complete union of Georges, Aphroëssa, and Réka, with Néa-Kamméni.

The French Government has offered a splendid prize for some practical applications of electricity. The prize is of the value of 50,000 fr., and will be given in the course of five years to any one who shall have discovered a method of rendering voltaic electricity applicable to manufactures as a source of heat, to illumination, chemistry, mechanics, or practical medicine. The period of five years commenced on the 18th ult.

A new dye, which promises to be of much commercial value, has just been procured from theine, the principle of tea. Of course, if theine were only procurable from tea, the new discovery would not be of much importance, but inasmuch as the principle exists largely in other plants, especially in *Ilex Paraguayensis*, it will prove of considerable importance.

It is reported, but with what accuracy we cannot pretend to say, that the Microscopical Society of London contemplates publishing its transactions in the form of a monthly journal. It has been found that the slow issue of the *Quarterly Journal* does not meet the wants of the members. We believe, too, that the Quekett Club has some similar scheme in view.

On Tuesday, last Professor Huxley gave an opening address, and distributed the prizes, to the students of St. Mary's Hospital Medical School. The managers of this rising school deserve no small praise for their energy in associating with them those who hold a high rank in scientific and educational movements. The year before last the prizes were given away by the Archbishop of York; and last year Professor Owen delivered the summer address.

A new disease, to which Dr. Cattani gives the name of *Acetonémie*, has been described in the *Journal de Pharmacie*. It is thought to be produced by the formation of a chemical compound called *acetone* in the system. This arises from the fermentation of organic matter, and especially of grape sugar, in the stomach. The disease sometimes, though not often, proves fatal in a few hours. The remedies are purgatives and stimulants.

The Mackay gun promises to be a more formidable piece of ordnance than was at first supposed. Several trials have been made with it during the week at Crosby, near Liverpool, and the results have been highly satisfactory. The experiments were conducted with a view to ascertain both range and accuracy. Though the wind was high and the practice difficult, the target, which was 1,500 yards distant (the gun being a 12-pounder), was hit twice out of ten shots. The average deviation was not more than two or three yards. The *ricochet* is one of the best features in the gun, and is particularly straight. The experiments were conducted under the superintendence of Captain Pigeard of the French

Embassy, a member of the Ordnance Select Committee, and a number of Artillery officers.

In a recent memoir, M. Cailletet has published some interesting statements upon the subject of the dissociation of gases under high temperatures. He collected the gases proceeding from a peculiar form of furnace, in which charcoal and coke were burning, and from his analysis of them he has been led to conclude "that oxygen has no action on hydrogen, carbon, or carbonic oxide in the midst of a combustible mass, which is maintained at a temperature higher than that of the fusing point of platinum." The following are the figures resulting from the analysis made by M. Pélidot:—

Oxygen	15·24
Hydrogen.....	1·80
Carbonic oxide	2·10
Carbonic acid	3·00
Nitrogen	77·86
	100·00

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—Tuesday:—The Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. "On the Water Supply of the City of Paris." By G. R. Burnell, M. Inst. C.E.—Wednesday:—Microscopical Society, at 8 p.m. 1. "On a Form of Rotating Leafholder, &c." By Jas. Smith, Esq. 2. "New and Rare Diatoms, Series XX." By Dr. Greville.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

ON Thursday the Bank of England rate of discount was advanced from 6 per cent., to which it was reduced on the 15th March last, to 7 per cent. During the whole of the week the public have been prepared for this measure, owing to the large withdrawal of gold for the Continent, and the unfavourable position of the exchanges. The efflux has been partially occasioned by the large sums of money invested in long-dated bills, sent to this country from France and Germany, when the rate of discount was so much higher here than abroad, and also by late sales of stock in connection with the settlement at the Paris Bourse.

The discount establishments have raised their terms for money at call from 4½ to 5 per cent.; at seven days' notice, from 5 to 5½; and at fourteen days' notice, from 5½ to 6. Although no decision has yet been arrived at, it is understood that the Joint-Stock banks will allow 5 per cent. for money on deposit, instead of 4½, except that the London and Westminster will give only 4 for sums below £500.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about ¼ per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·12½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 2·10ths dearer in Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 107½ to 107¾ per cent. At these rates there is no profit on the transmission of gold from the United States.

At a meeting on Thursday of the creditors of Messrs. Pinto, Perez, Ashley, & Co., it was determined to wind up the estate under inspection. The unsecured debts were stated at £307,000, in addition to liabilities amounting to £217,000, which are covered by securities held, with the exception of about £5,000. To meet the former item the assets will produce only from £25,000 to £28,000. It appears that the partners were upwards of £60,000 deficient when they were joined in January, 1863, by the Hon. Mr. Ashley, who took in £10,000, and in whom the creditors to-day expressed full confidence.

Mr. A. E. Campbell has been elected a director of the Bank of England, in the place of Mr. W. Cotton, who, in consequence of illness, did not take the oaths of office within the period prescribed by the charter.

The annual meeting of the Sovereign Life Assurance Company was held on Wednesday, the 2nd inst. The report states that, during the year 1865, policies were issued assuring £290,920, and producing new premiums amounting to £10,578. £25,000 were added to the funds in the course of last year.

The London and North-Western Railway traffic return shows this week an increase of £8,786 over last year; the Great Western, an increase of £493; the Great Northern, an increase of £1,024; the London and South-Western, a decrease of £3,780; the Midland, an increase of £4,488; and the Great Eastern, a decrease of £739.

The directors of the London and North-Western Railway Company notify that they are prepared to receive tenders for the construction of a branch railway from Llanrwst to Bettws-y-coed, length about 3 miles 67 chains.

The directors of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank (Limited) have issued notice of an interim dividend of 10s. per share, being at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum for the past half-year, payable on the 7th inst., and have also made a call of £7. 10s. per share, payable in two instalments, viz.:—£4 on the 31st inst., and £3. 10s. on the 15th June next.

The House of Lords have virtually held, in the case of the Cork and Youghal Railway, which has given so much scandal to prudent financiers from its excessive issue of Lloyd's bonds, that preference shareholders loose their priority on a sale or winding-up of the railway. Most of such shareholders probably think that their priority extends to the assets as well as dividends, to the capital as well as the income, of a company—*Sed humanum est errare*.—Solicitors' Journal.

Accounts from Mexico state that the Emperor Maximilian has spontaneously renounced two-thirds of his civil list expenditure. The Empress also gives up half of her dotation. Maximilian's civil list was the same as the Emperor Iturbide's forty-five years ago. The Emperor's dotation is now only 500,000, and that of the Empress amounts to 100,000 piastres per annum.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

TEN YEARS IN SARAWAK.*

THE process of diffusing knowledge is rendered slow by the reluctance of most persons to pay attention to anything new. Time out of mind, educated Europeans have recognised the fact that there exist two great divisions of Asia, one continental and the other consisting of almost innumerable clusters of islands. Among these, by far the largest is Borneo, of which the best known portion is the north-west coast, where our little settlement of Labuan, the city and territory of Brunei, and the province of Sarawak, are situated. About a quarter of a century ago, Sir James Brooke formed the design of rescuing Sarawak from barbarism, bringing it under the rule of Europeans, and converting it into a sort of neutral ground, on which traders from the West might meet and traffic in safety with the Malays and half-savage Dyaks. The means by which he carried out his plan have already been made known extensively to the public by the publication of his own interesting journals, and of Mr. Spenser St. John's "Life in the Forests of the Far East." Additional information on the same subject is now supplied by the work before us, which is full of lively sketches and anecdotes, though it possesses neither the novelty of the former, nor the wild, Robinson Crusoe-like adventures of the latter. Still, "Ten Years in Sarawak" is a book from the perusal of which much entertainment and useful knowledge may be derived. If a panorama of a Bornean forest, dotted with Dyak villages and Chinese settlements, were opened in Regent Street, multitudes, we fancy, would flock to see it, though still better would be a series of dissolving views, some displaying the vast woods dripping with dew, and swarming with monkeys, with herds of deer, with wild cattle, with birds of rich and varied plumage, with alligators sleeping on the banks of rivers, with huge serpents twining their green bodies round the boughs of trees, or letting themselves down stealthily from their extremities into some native canoe; others exhibiting landscapes of Chinese gold-diggings, or diamond mines, or sago plantations, or giving glimpses of the Bornean Alps, belted round at their base by masses of gorgeous flowers, and terminating above in the clouds.

In all books of travel, what is said of the inhabitants is necessarily the most attractive; and the Dyaks, though we should hardly like them for our next-door neighbours, are as amusing a race of savages as any we know, excepting the red men of America. In studying these curious people, few have been placed in a more favourable position than Mr. Charles Brooke, who is practically the sovereign of Sarawak, and urged by taste as well as interest to pay repeated visits to every portion of his territories. His descriptions of these visits, varied by anecdotes of war or hunting, by sketches of scenery, and by colloquies with the natives, are highly entertaining, while they open up instructive glimpses of society in Borneo. Our notions of savage life are often much too gloomy. No doubt, men in a state of nature perpetrate shocking cruelties, whether with or without the incentive of superstition; but such is their gross ignorance, that, like children who delight in inflicting torture, they seem altogether unable to realize to themselves the nature of their own actions. What makes us shudder is often mere amusement to them. Most authors who have turned their attention to this subject misunderstand the leading trait of Dyak superstition—we mean head-hunting; which is not, as they suppose, a simple pastime, or a relic of cannibalism, but a fragment of the terrible worship of Kali, which, with the rest of the Hindu system, once flourished in Borneo from sea to sea. The Dyak, besotted by his superstition, thinks that nothing will go well with him unless he can soothe the wrath of the vengeful goddess of his forefathers by offering up a human victim; and, in token of his faithful performance of the rites, he preserves the head of the slain in Kali's temple, for the village house in which such ghastly trophies are suspended is nothing less, though the traditions which still urge to the crime, and sanctify the head-house, are neither clear nor definite in the minds of the ferocious sectaries. In Sarawak, English influence has nearly put a stop to this revolting practice, though there still lurks in the hearts of Sir James Brooke's subjects a strong persuasion that their Western master is leading them astray on that important point. When a man loses his wife or his child, he experiences an almost insurmountable desire to rush forth, kill some unoffending person, and offer up his, or her, head in the temple of Kali. Unused to trace his own thoughts to their source, he could not, if asked, explain the origin of his own ideas; but, interpreting his notions by facts, we cannot fail to discover that he attributes the calamity that has befallen him to some negligence in the mode of propitiating the goddess of blood. It is a well-known anecdote in Sarawak that, in the good old times, a young chief, with whom something had gone amiss, felt persuaded that things would never be set right till he should have offered up a fresh oblation in the head-house of his village. In this conviction, he seized his weapon, and, meeting his grandmother on the skirts of the forest, decapitated her without ceremony; after which pious performance, his mind immediately recovered its serenity. Reflecting on achievements like this, it is not very surprising that Mr. Darwin should have sought the origin of the human race among the huge monkeys to be met with in the Bornean woods. With reference to these

patriarchs of our species, according to the fashionable theory, Mr. Brooke has a passage, with which we fancy our readers will be amused:—

"While proceeding inland," he says, "we passed several orang-utans (Maias); on one tree a large family was assembled. I counted eight of them in all, three old ones, and the remainder of them young; they showed no signs of fear, but sat looking at us with their peculiarly grave faces, and it would have seemed natural if these pictures of humanity had hailed us in some language of their own. Unless for the sake of scientific research, it is merely barbarous killing these animals, or even monkeys, for that they have many of the impressions and sensations of human beings no one can doubt who has examined their habits, together with the continual change of expression of countenance, all so plainly superior to the habits of the other tribes of creation."

It seems hardly too much to believe that the Maias might be taught the use of speech, and be thus aggregated to the human family. From such a process one good would certainly flow: we mean the prevention of the hideous cruelty of hunting these dumb men, as if they were wild beasts, whereas they have like passions and affections with ourselves, are attached to their wives, take great care of their children, build themselves houses, and may often be met walking erect in the forests with staves in their hands. Occasionally, we are assured, they practise abduction, after the Irish fashion, running away with Malay or Dyak heiresses, and domiciliating them in tree-dwellings, as if they were so many female Maiases. In Mr. St. John's "Forests of the Far East," we find a terrible anecdote of a Dyak who was detained forcibly by a female Maias, from whom he could only escape by murdering her. With respect to the Dyaks themselves, Mr. Brooke's theory appears to us throughly well-founded: he considers them the descendants of a civilized race, who have sunk by lapse of time to their present condition, though they have preserved several arts and usages that belonged to them during their more prosperous days. The Malays have undoubtedly degenerated from their forefathers, and they are the only Borneans who have adopted the Mohammedan religion. Of the pagan section of the race Mr. Brooke entertains a favourable opinion, which he illustrates by an interesting anecdote of two boys who were placed in his hands as hostages:—

"Some months subsequently, when I was living in Sarakang, I obtained two of these captives, named Bungun and Luyau. When brought to the fort, they wept, and one declared he would poison himself if he was not permitted to return; but I understood that they had been primed with what to say, and had been led to believe that they would suffer death in my hands. One little fellow, on being left, jumped from the top of the wall into the moat, which was full of spikes, but fortunately he received no injury, and was brought back. I had engaged to detain them for one month, at the end of which they should return to their Dyak masters if they chose. The boys soon dried their tears and took up their quarters with me; I gave them thirty slips of paper to count the days by throwing one away every morning; they behaved very well, and examined all my belongings with considerable interest, saying they had never seen or heard of any such things before. The casting away of the paper lasted five consecutive mornings, when they forgot all about the time, and were happy, calling me 'Apai'—Father. Their great amusement was looking at pictures; and a volume of *Punch* afforded them endless conversation. I grew to be very fond of one, Bungun, who was a particularly nice, thoughtful lad; the other was a pickle. After the first fortnight, they would not hear of returning to the people who, they said, had killed so many of their relations. After living three months with me, happy and contented, Bungun's father came to fetch him. I was loth to lose the boy, who had become quite a companion; he told me, when leaving, 'we shall not forget you, but soon come again.' Ten years after, in 1863, the same two paid me a visit, and on their entrance into my sitting-room embraced me with every sign of affection. They had grown into fine men, but were otherwise very little altered, and I immediately recognised them, as they did all the old furniture in my room, pointing directly to the picture of the Rajah, to the rugs they had used as beds, and to two heads cast in plaster. They spent three days with me on that occasion. I felt I possessed an influence around any place where these two lads lived; for Dyaks are not ungrateful, although generally undemonstrative."

There is generally a prejudice in the minds of Europeans against Mohammedans, who, in most parts of the East, exhibit particular modes of departing from the teaching of the Koran, from which people are apt to infer that they are insincere. But throughout Christendom people pay little attention to the precepts of the Hebrew Scriptures, though they believe in them. One of the ways in which an Islamite proves his orthodoxy is by calling a Christian a dog and a Jew a pig, which he does as a sort of duty, not meaning any particular offence by it. But when he has to do with pagans he is sorely perplexed. Having exhausted pig and dog, he has nothing left but *kafie*, or unbeliever, which does very well, since it is indisputable that pagans do not believe in the Koran. Still, unbelievers being in the majority, believers are bound to treat them with some amount of forbearance. Our readers may possibly call to mind an Indian anecdote, by the spirit of which Mr. Charles Brooke steers his course in Borneo. When certain Hindú princes sent to consult the oracle at Gaya, in the hope of learning from that infallible source what the religion of the English might be, since they could never discover in their conduct a sign of any, the response of the oracle was, that in truth they had no religion, which was so ordained by Brahma, that they might be perfectly impartial to people of all creeds. Further, the oracle

* *Ten Years in Sarawak.* By Charles Brooke, Tuan-Muda of Sarawak. With an Introduction by H. H. the Rajah Sir James Brooke. Two vols. With Illustrations. London: Tinsley Brothers.

observed that the English were an *avatar* of Vishnú, or so many portions of the great god of India, and that, partaking of the nature of deity, they needed no religion. In the spirit of this oracular theory, Mr. Charles Brooke governs the natives of Sarawak, permitting them to think as they please, say what they please, and do as they please, provided they are peaceable and pay their taxes. Accordingly he is highly popular with the Islamite and the Gentile, as may be inferred from what has already been said, as well as from the account he gives of his presence at a marriage. Having lived in intimate friendship with an old Seriff, or descendant of the Prophet, who possessed a number of pretty daughters, he was requested to be present when one of them became a bride:—

"One of these pretty damsels was now engaged to another Seriff, as they are not permitted, according to custom, to be joined in holy matrimony to any person of lower degree. Her betrothed had arranged to start, on the night the ceremony was to take place, from the fort. Abang Aing and myself were requested to give the bridegroom away, according to their custom. The evening came. Fantastical branch candelabras were arranged, and flambeaux blazed in a long procession. The bridegroom had been dressed in the choicest habiliments of an Arab, before the looking-glass in my bed-room. Guns were fired, and we proceeded to the house of the bride. On arriving there, mats were tastefully arranged, and curtains closed off certain parts of the house. Near the doorway a small square mat was placed, on which the bridegroom squatted; then the principals of the proceedings sat around. The old Seriff Mullah took the bridegroom's hand, and repeated the marriage-contract, namely, that he had received such a one for wife, with an engagement to pay thirty slaves as dowry. Besides this, there were many words in Arabic, which I did not understand. A devout prayer followed, during which all except myself responded piously. The Seriff Mullah then slipped past to the bride's apartments, and Abang Aing taking one arm of the bridegroom, and I the other, we marched him up through a large concourse of people, and seated him on the bed of the bride, who was there bedecked in bridal costume, consisting of gold-spangled clothes folded all over her, with a coronet of white flowers on her head. We sat on the decorated platform also for a few minutes; it was grandly embellished with tinsel-work and chintz of various colours; candles and torches were burning in every direction. The Seriff Mullah repeated a few words of prayer, the bridegroom placed his hand on the bride's head, and the ceremony was consummated—the curtain fell. After this, viands of various sorts appeared, for which the old Seriff Mullah had been anxiously waiting for a length of time, and was in a sad humour in consequence. He now brightened up and called his next neighbour a fool, asking him if he felt hungry. We all went to work eating rice, venison, and fowls, cooked exceedingly well and tastily stuffed; then came sweets and coffee, followed by cigars. The Seripas, or females of the Seriff's families, were sitting just behind, nudging me continually, telling me not to be shame-faced, but eat till I was full, and as a recommendation they added, 'We made all those things with our own fingers.' One speaking too loud for propriety, called down a stern rebuke from the old father, who said, 'Instead of talking so loud behind the curtain, you had better come out and sit down and behave yourselves properly,' which advice the youngest followed. She was the prettiest one, too, nearly as fair as a European, and I believe, if dressed in European clothes, might have passed as one. At a late hour we marched home together, and that night I dreamt of Seripas."

Our remarks and extracts will scarcely convey an adequate idea of Mr. Brooke's volumes, which are full of curious information, conveyed in a clear and easy manner, traceable in great part to the thorough mastery of the writer over the materials he has to deal with. The illustrations are suggestive, though they display no great merit from an artistic point of view.

VICTOR HUGO'S LAST WORK.*

FANCIFUL in form as the rocks of his island home, and wild as the waves that beat ceaselessly against it, is this new story of life by the author of "Les Misérables." The writer, according to his own words, has sought to exhibit the third phase of man's struggles with the triple 'Ανάγκη that oppresses him—the 'Ανάγκη of dogmas, of laws, and of things. We cannot but think that the third is the most naturally described, and the most real of all. Much that was put before the world in "Les Misérables" had an air of unreality, while many characters might be thought artificial; and thus the effect of the whole was weakened. But in the "Travailleurs de la Mer" we have unmistakably the results of the author's own experience, the fruits of his own knowledge of that brave struggle with the elements carried on by the hardy fishermen of the Channel Islands. There is an almost painful reality in the descriptions of the horrors of the deep, and an accumulation of learning in the matter of seas and storms, which seems at times as if it would bury the reader beneath its weight. From every quarter of the globe, from sources ancient and modern, M. Hugo draws quotations or illustrations, marshalling them in crushing array, till, at the end of a sentence which has extended over two pages and a half, one is tempted to lay down the book in despair, and ask whether it is a novel, or an essay on universal knowledge. Simplicity of plot, however, is a marked characteristic of the "Toilers of the Sea," as distinguished from the author's former works. A Guernsey proprietor, his steam-

* Les Travailleurs de la Mer. Par Victor Hugo. Bruxelles: Lacroix, Verboekhoven, et Cie.

The Toilers of the Sea. Translated by W. Moy Thomas. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

boat, and his niece (almost one in the old man's thoughts), a Guernsey fisherman, a couple of clergymen, and a couple of villains, form almost the entire *dramatis personæ*, and it is round the fisherman, Gilliatt le Malin, and his hand-to-hand fight with sea and storm, that the principal interest of the book centres. That interest is so deep and so absorbing that if any other characters had been introduced they would not have arrested our attention, which is fixed through the greater part of the work on the exciting details of the solitary fisherman's triumph over his almost unconquerable opponents, rock and wave. This could only have been accomplished by the touch of a master hand; it is the truest and highest form of art—the closest to Nature.—

In the opening volume we get a glimpse of the strange world of superstition and folk-lore still current in the Channel Islands. This would in itself form a subject for a work whose wild and grotesque fancies would scarcely find a parallel even in Icelandic and Norwegian literature. No troll, elf, or goblin could well surpass in singularity the "sarregousets," "campions," "marcous," and "Roi des Auxerriens," of the Norman Isles. Let us note, by the way, that we find one or two passages in the early part of the book, having no relation to the main story, which we are surprised to see needlessly introduced by the graceful author of the "Ballades" and "Feuilles d'Automne." Such details as are given in Vol. I., of the burning of a sorceress in the time of Queen Mary, are simply revolting, and their reproduction, when it has no necessary connection with the progress of the story, is an unpleasant feature, which could well be spared. For there is little relief from first to last in the colouring of the "Toilers of the Sea." All the author's views of the ocean are dark. Stormy as the Race of Alderney itself, ever-boiling in calmest days, is the "wine-coloured" sea that spreads itself before his eyes. Scarcely should we know from Victor Hugo's words that the sea has any moments of repose and beauty. To him it is ever an enemy, an "Ananké," oppressive, yet fascinating. It may be that the thought of the little distance between his "island home and probable tomb," and his well-loved France, has imparted an additional sombreness to his appreciation of the main. The "great highway of nations" washes every side of his abode. Men go to and fro on this highway day and night; steam power annihilates distances; but nothing brings the exile nearer to the home of his traditions and his dreams.

One thing M. Victor Hugo does not seem to have yet mastered: long residence within the British dominions has not taught him the orthography of the English language. Some singular "distortions of epitaphs" in the original are smoothed over in the translation, so that those who trust to Mr. Moy Thomas alone for their impressions of the "Toilers of the Sea" would miss the extraordinary description of a Highland soldier's dress at p. 201 of Vol. I., wherein figure such strange articles as "la sashwise," "le belts," "le swond" (Anglise, sword), "le direk," "les cairgorums," "le smushing-mull," and "le scilt ou philaberg" (Anglise, kilt and philabeg). These are in keeping with the "bugpipe" which forms a prominent part of Gilliatt's love-making accoutrement. In regard to the social hierarchy of Great Britain, also, M. Hugo has a lesson to learn. In an enumeration of the various stages of society (Vol. I., p. 146), he makes "le lord" the same as a "Laird en Ecosse," and tops his scale by "puis le Duc, puis le Pair d'Angleterre." Is this a confused reminiscence of the old French "Duc et Pair"? It is certainly not an accurate description of the gradations of the English peerage. M. Victor Hugo must have met ere this many a "Peer of England" bearing every title that exists between duke and baron. But we thank him for his curious account of the divisions of society among the population of the Channel Islands—the "vésin" (French, voisin), the "Sieur," the "Mess," the "Monsieur." And we cannot but feel great interest in one of these classes as we follow the fortunes of "Mess Lethierry," and his two loves, Durande and Déruchette; while for the "Sieurs" our contempt, in the person of the hypocrite, Clubin, is hardly balanced by respect for the honest and friendly "Sieur Landoy." One of the most wonderful passages, showing the dissection of character by a keen observer, is that in which Clubin, a hypocrite to the last, is left, by his own desire, alone on the deck of the wrecked *Durande*—wrecked by his own contrivance. Alone, in the midst of the solitary sea, far from every living creature, night closing in, and the tide rising—"he felt a profound joy!" He had, as he thought, succeeded in everything, and crowned a life of supposed virtue by a death of glorious renown. "Clubin regarda l'obscure immensité, et ne put retenir un éclat de rire bas et sinistre."

In a terribly searching description of the monsters of the deep, wherein the author seems to surpass himself in his accumulation of horrors, we have an account of the devil-fish, the vampire of the sea. A whole page is exhausted in a comparative list of powers that belong to other monsters, but in which the devil-fish is lacking; yet, in the end, we see it is the most fearful of all:—

"The devil-fish has no muscular organization, no menacing cry, no breast-plate, no horn, no dart, no claw, no tail, no cutting fins, no prickles, no sword, no electric discharge, no poison, no talons, no beak, no teeth. Yet it is, of all creatures, the most formidably armed."

Nobody who reads the history of Gilliatt's struggle with one of these monsters in a cave beneath the Douvres Rock will feel inclined to doubt the truth of this assertion. In connection with his account of the devil-fish, M. Hugo has some acute observations on the relative action of science and philosophy:—

"Science dissects, philosophy meditates. Science gives these strange animals a place, a nomenclature, when the study of facts has

convinced her of their existence. She looks at their construction, and calls them cephaloptera; she counts their antennæ, and calls them octopedes. This done, she leaves them. Where science leaves them, philosophy takes them up. Philosophy seeks the final cause—a profound perplexity to the thinker."

The result of the probings of philosophy seems to come to this: the Enigma of the Existence of Evil. Hence the "leaning of some great minds towards a belief in the dualism of the Deity—that redoubtable Bifrons of the Manicheans." Perhaps it is to this same perplexity, and its apparent solution in the Oriental doctrine of Dualism, that we must attribute the long duration of the Manichean tenets in Europe, throughout almost the whole of the Middle Ages. Under various names, and with various organizations, Manichæism lingered on till the dawn of the Renaissance. This continued existence indicates a powerful hold upon the minds of men; we know that the land of the Troubadours, sunny Provence,—at once the most intellectual and most luxurious country in Southern Europe—was full of this heresy. It required all the efforts of a crusading army, and the establishment of the Inquisition, to root out the tares that had been sown broadcast in that land.

We have said that this is a book of few lights and many shades. Over almost the whole story hangs the cloud of an impending Fate—an "Ananké" that drives Clubin to his unexpected but irresistible doom, and that sends brave Gilliatt to do battle with the raging sea while the love he hoped to win by his exploit is being lost to him for ever on shore. The passage in which the Rector of St. Sampson's declares his love to Déruchette is one of the brighter gems of the book. Nothing more delicate and refined has perhaps been written by the author, and it is a real relief after the gloom of the earlier parts of the story. Lady readers of the "Travailleurs de la Mer" will probably find fault with the author for the sad ending of his tale. On the principle of "all's well that ends well," the death of Gilliatt by drowning mars the effect of the marriage of Caudray and Déruchette. Gilliatt is made to sacrifice everything for this end, when he knows his hopes are destroyed. He acts as witness at the marriage ceremony, overcomes the difficulties attendant upon an extremely hurried tying of the matrimonial knot, and, after seeing Déruchette and her husband into the boat that was to convey them to the steamer, walks straight to the "Chaise Gildholm'ur," seats himself in its natural rock-chair, and remains there till the steamer with the newly-married couple passes close to him, while the tide is rising higher every minute. All the circumstances of Gilliatt's suicide are brought out with untiring minuteness. It was a beautiful day, more beautiful than any that had been seen that year—one of those spring days when Nature seems to have no thought but to rejoice. There was no foam round the "Gildholm'ur"; the water rose peacefully, but none the less surely. The Cashmere became a small spot on the horizon, then grew less, and finally passed away altogether. The waters had by this time reached Gilliatt's head; as the vessel disappeared from the horizon, his head disappeared beneath the water. "Nothing remained but the sea." We are told that, before this catastrophe, the strange lustre that had shone in Gilliatt's eyes was succeeded by the "peace of dreams not realized, the sorrowful acceptance of an end different from his hopes." Yet to us Gilliatt, braving all dangers, conquering sea, air, and fire, is much nobler than the self-destroyer of the "Gildholm'ur." The grandeur of giving Déruchette to her lover seems detracted from by the weakness that could not survive the loss of long-cherished hopes. The reason of this is perhaps to be sought in the account of the marriage. When Caudray and Déruchette knelt in prayer, Gilliatt, standing by, bowed his head. "They knelt before God, while he seemed to bend under his fate." He had conquered isolation, hunger, thirst, and cold, when borne up by hope; when that was taken away, he was conquered by himself, and died by his own act. Is this the "Ananké" of Things? We seem to be led to this conclusion by the "Toilers of the Sea." The Preface itself points to the end. It is "the supreme Ananké, the human heart," to which we must attribute Gilliatt's death. From an 'Aváyken there can be no escape, any more than from an Erinnys, or from the fatal Cranes of Ibycus. This doctrine alone would impart a tone of melancholy to the book, even if it did not exist also in the author's mode of viewing nature. For him, man is ever *sub umbra*, face to face with the darkness of night. For him, even the dawn, the "rosy-fingered morn," has something *spectral*; and melancholy is "the happiness of being sad." For him the law of nature is perpetual destruction. "Tous les êtres rentrent les uns dans les autres. Pourriture c'est nourriture. Nettoyage effroyable du globe." So, the ocean is "Ceto;" and if the demon "Legion" exists, it is assuredly the winds.

Nowhere is the author's power of accurate description more vividly exhibited than in his minute accounts of the horrors beneath the sea. Nowhere are his cumulative powers more strongly shown than in his wonderfully full sketch of the "demon," wind. Each component part has its accessories complete; the most subtle distinctions even of name are preserved, as—"the south-west wind, which is called Pampero in Chili and Rebojo at Buenos Ayres;" and this involved picture, minutely accurate as a pre-Raphaelite drawing, is spread over two pages and a half before the reader finds a resting-place! Few writers would demand this breathless toil at the hands of the public, and fewer still could count upon such a multitude of readers, whom not even the most Germanic sentences can deter from eagerly seeking the "Travailleurs de la Mer" with a zeal of competition that perplexes librarians. Yet an English translation has been

promptly supplied, and one which, considering the very great difficulties of the original, is on the whole very fair. Much of the force and raciness of the French is necessarily lost in the process of translation; and the more so because it is no ordinary language of which M. Victor Hugo has made use. We find words and expressions in the original for which it is impossible to give adequate English renderings. "Haunted house" is but weak by the side of the "maison visionnée" of Victor Hugo, which is so strongly suggestive of the "mal'occhio" and other weird thoughts of a land where sorceresses still exist. A Highlander full of the second sight, or a "spae-wife" accustomed to hold converse with the invisible, could alone give the true force of much that is comprised in this strangest and wildest of romances. We would suggest, however, to Mr. Moy Thomas that he might have avoided the awkwardness of leaving such well-known names as "Bremen" and "Alderney" in their unfamiliar French forms, "Brême" and "Aurigny." We can see no reason for this anomaly, any more than for the substitution of *Pleinmont* in the English translation for the *Plainmont* of the original, or for the use of the rare and not immediately intelligible word "librates" (though it be in Johnson) for the simpler and more intelligible form, "oscillates." We also notice a form of expression, "he aroused," which seems scarcely English; and in the Preface the simplicity of the Triple Ananké appears to be weakened when drawn out into "the Fatality of dogmas, the oppression of human laws, the inexorability of nature." The simple word 'Aváyken contains in itself all these ideas.

In laying down the "Toilers of the Sea," after reaching its last page, we feel as though we were rising from involuntary detention in a dream-land to which the author alone could admit us. Eerie as his own "maisons visionnées" are the fancies that are related, and the details of submarine horrors that are given unsparingly, in telling this story of the sea. But we acknowledge ourselves under the guidance of one by whom the realities of human misery are no less clearly made known than the superstitions of sailors, when we accompany Sieur Clubin to the "Jacressarde" at St. Malo—a place that was "rather a court than a house, and rather a well than a court."

Standing as it does above its predecessors in reality, and therefore in interest, no power of prophesy is needed to assert that the "Travailleurs de la Mer" will be more widely read, and more highly thought of, than even "Les Misérables" or "Notre Dame de Paris." It is already a popular book, and will increase its author's reputation, if that be possible; and yet we cannot think it a healthy book, or divest ourselves of the impression that we have been enthralled for awhile by a nightmare, a phantasmagoria of horrors and evil shapes. We could wish that the author had led us up to that "better" to which he says we should aspire; we can hardly feel it a satisfactory end that the dark waters should close over our hero, and draw him down to unknown depths. We rise from the spell of a mighty glamour, and seem to have barely escaped the fate of Merlin at the hands of a new Vivien, "lost to life, and use, and name, and fame."

DRAFTS ON MEMORY.*

It must be a good thing to be a lord. If he takes the chair at a meeting, his audience look upon him as only something less than a god, and worship him accordingly; if he speaks, his utterances are as infallible as inspiration; and if he writes, publishers contend for the honour of his name, and readers rush off to the circulating library for the last *chef-d'œuvre* from his pen. Had the writer of the book now before us been a man with no handle to his name—some Jones, Smith, or Brown—he would probably have been content with such fame (or the contrary) as he had achieved by his "Fifty Years' Biographical Reminiscences." In that work he seemed to have tried the endurance of the public as far as was practicable; but what shall we say of his "Drafts," where twaddle is out-twaddled, and "memory" confounded with "invention"? The style is for the most part remarkably flabby—a quality that may suit the readers of the Magazines to which the author occasionally contributes, and which may account for the inglorious collapse of the *Review* newspaper which he edited in 1859. The "Drafts" are such as any one with a little penmanship and less reading could put together, and they would be equally reliable some fifty years hence to the historian of the Georgian era. Very few of the anecdotes are new, and of such as are new the genuineness is rather doubtful. Nor should we be surprised at this, for Lord William Lennox looks back through a vista of fifty years; and, be his memory ever so good and tenacious, we must decline to consider him an exception to the ordinary laws of human nature. In spite of these very great drawbacks, the two volumes are not without a certain value, for, quite unconsciously, the author presents us with a curious picture of a state of society long since passed away, and which may help us to appreciate the better state of things under which we live. Wild caricatures as some consider Thackeray's descriptions of the first thirty years of this century to have been, Lord William Lennox confirms every touch of that great writer's pen; and it will surprise many to see how strong a line of demarcation was drawn by the Reform Bill. That great act seems to have effected as great a change in society as it did in

* Drafts on My Memory; being Men I Have Known, Things I Have Seen, Places I Have Visited. By Lord William Pitt Lennox. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

politics ; and if the Bill of 1866 is not destined to work a similar improvement, it is because the political evils (always a sure index of the diseased condition of society) are not so great.

Although prize-fighting is not yet an extinct "institution," gentlemen nowadays seldom attend such exhibitions, and newspapers report them under protest, as it were. It was not so fifty years ago, when the question of forming "the Pugilistic Club" was as seriously agitated as if the salvation of the State depended upon it. Jackson's sparring-rooms in Old Bond-street were a favourite resort of fashionable amateurs. Here, among such "professionals" as Tom Cribb, the two Belchers (one of whom gave the name to a handkerchief), Richmond and Molineux, both blacks, and Gully, who afterwards represented Pontefract in the first reformed Parliament, Lord William Lennox first saw Lord Byron. What the noble bard said to his "corporeal pastor," Jackson, is carefully recorded ; but, as the conversation took place at least fifty years ago, when Lord William was still a schoolboy, we may be fairly permitted to doubt whether it is, as Dr. Colenso would say, quite "historic." Our author speaks favourably of John Gully, and it is probable that the pugilists of those days were not quite such ruffians as their representatives in 1866. Gully attended regularly to his parliamentary duties—few men more so ; and his opinions were "ever good and sound," though he seems never to have plucked up courage to address the House. His career was a fortunate one. His first fight was in 1805, when he was beaten, and his last in 1808 ; he then took a public-house in Carey-street, where he made money enough to retire upon. He next turned his attention to the turf, and realized a handsome fortune, not only by commissions, but by his luck in betting upon winning horses. He made a good marriage, and his wife polished him up, and turned him out fit for "genteel society." Perhaps it may be worth while keeping up the ring in the hope of seeing it represented by a second John Gully in the new reformed Parliament !

In our noble author's young days, "when George III. was king," duelling was a thriving institution. During the reign of that monarch, says his lordship, *one hundred and seventy-two* duels were fought, and sixty-nine persons killed. In three cases, both of the combatants fell. Only eighteen trials took place ; six of the criminals were acquitted, seven convicted of manslaughter, and three of murder, of whom only two were executed. In the same page, Lord William says that *one hundred and fifty* duels took place "during the reign of George III. and George IV., and down to the year 1841 ;" and he increases the muddle by adding that "*ninety-seven* occurred during the *first*, and *fifty-five* during the *latter* reign," which makes a total of *one hundred and fifty-two*. We cannot reconcile these discrepancies, and perhaps it is hardly fair to expect a noble author to be very accurate in his arithmetic. These encounters were only between "what are termed distinguished people." Two clergymen, ignoring the protection of their gown, and both connected with the *Morning Post* newspaper, figure upon this list. The Reverend Mr. Bate "went out" twice, and was wounded once. The Reverend Mr. Allen killed his man, for which he was tried, and sentenced to pay a fine of a shilling, and be imprisoned for six months ! Lord William mentions a singular duel in Pennsylvania, where one man saved his life by catching his antagonist's ball in the muzzle of his own pistol. A recent "Easter entertainment," which ended in a Brighton police-court, seems to show that some of our aristocracy are still weak enough to regret that private quarrels can no longer be settled by a brace of pistols. Duelling was long defended with as much solemnity as if it were one of the liberties of Magna Charta. It was argued that society would be unendurable unless kept in order by a wholesome dread of Wormwood Scrubs or Chalk Farm ; and yet we get on very well without it. We cannot tell whea Lord William wrote his "Drafts ;" but in Vol. I., p. 137, he says :—" Happily in *our time* such meetings are rare ; and the generally understood determination of the highest personage of the realm, and of the heads of the naval and military services, to support those who have sufficient moral courage to decline an appeal to arms, will entirely put an end to so barbarous a custom." The volumes are dated 1866, but the passage must have been written in 1836. More than twenty years have elapsed since the last duel was fought in England, and the absurd freak of two linendrapers' shopmen who "went out," as the phrase was, did more to laugh down the custom than whole libraries of sermons and moral essays.

In Lord William's early days, gentlemen rarely went to bed sober, and used to brag of the number of bottles they could drink. There are many stories current in London society of those beastly times, and we ourselves have known some relics of the later Regent era who have sat and drunk the night through without leaving their chairs—not rational beings, but merely animated siphons, with just strength and instinct enough remaining to lift the glass to their lips. "Now," says our author, "within twenty minutes after the departure of the gentler sex, John informs the company he has taken up tea." But a curious change has been growing upon us in another direction. In the days of our grandfathers, a man would have been scouted from society who smoked a cigar or clay pipe in broad daylight. "I well recollect," says Lord William, "when the late Duke of Devonshire was suffering from some affection of the throat, and a mild havannah was recommended him as an antidote against the biting cold easterly wind, that he was universally censured by those who did not know the reason of his walking along Piccadilly with a cigar in his mouth." The change in our smoking customs is certainly not an improvement, except in the eyes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And there are other social transformations which we may observe in the pages before us.

When their noble author was a young man, people used to breakfast at nine or ten, take a sandwich or a biscuit for lunch, instead of the hot joints, game, fowl, pastry, and wine, which now compose the mid-day meal, dine at six, and have a cup of tea or coffee afterwards. Now the tea precedes the dinner. It is of no use for the moralist or satirist to declaim against late hours ; they are, among other things, the necessary consequence of improved and cheaper modes of lighting our houses. Gas has many evils—if this be one—to answer for. Our grandchildren may perhaps write of us and of our customs as we write of those (pigtailed and hessians included) which now strike us with such surprise when we turn over the illustrated books of fifty years ago. Then, "dandies" rode their "hobby-horses"—clumsy precursors of the velocipede—and wore coats with high collars up to the crown of the head, with tails tapering off behind to a point. Round their necks was artistically twisted a long, starched cravat, which, according to a manual on the important subject, could be folded in fifty different ways. Shirt-frills were still in their glory ; yellow metal buttons on a blue coat were the tip-top of fashion ; and the superlative dandy was not complete without two waistcoats, the under one being usually of a scarlet colour. It is impossible to conceive a greater "guy" than a gentleman in full dress for a ball, with a cocked hat under his arm which he was never expected or able to wear, and his legs encased in tight-fitting black pantaloons, such as ballet-dancers wear. No wonder that Lord William Lennox, returning home from a ball long after daylight, was mistaken by some market-gardeners for a lunatic just escaped from a neighbouring asylum.

THE WORSHIP OF BAAL IN ISRAEL.*

THIS work, which Dr. Colenso has translated from the Dutch, affords a remarkable exemplification of the conflicting diversities of opinion into which Neologists are led by their speculations on Biblical history. Three critics appear in it, each endeavouring to account for the origin of the name and worship of Jehovah in Israel ; but two at least agree in rejecting the Scripture account that they were first made known by revelation to Moses. The first of them, Dr. Dozy, Professor at Leyden, discovers a clue to the solution of the problem in a trace of Baal-worship introduced by the ancient Simeonites into Mecca, and comes to the conclusion that the first god worshipped by the Israelites in Canaan was not Jehovah, but Baal. Arguing from the same facts, but relying on the principle, that "no people ever fell away from its god," Dr. Oort, author of the volume before us, believes that Jehovah, or, as he writes the name, JHVH, was, from the time of Moses, "the national God of the Israelites," and Baal-worship a religion of later growth. Midway between these two is Dr. Colenso, the Bishop-excommunicate of Natal, endeavouring as peacemaker to produce concord out of these discordant opinions, and to prove that Baal and JHVH were one and the same God, the worship of whom, under the former name, was the popular and idolatrous religion of the Israelites, while that under the latter was the more recent and reformed one introduced by Samuel. In order to distinguish these two phases of a common religion from one another, Dr. Colenso proposes to confine the word "Jehovah" to the pure monotheism of Samuel, which afterwards developed itself into the creed of the Prophets and the Judaism of the post-Babylonian times, while he allows JHVH, or Baal, to be used indifferently in reference to the god of the popular religion.

Such are the conflicting opinions of these three learned doctors—striking proofs of the instability of the theological system before which Neologists imagine that the religion of the Bible must crumble into myths, and legends, and debasing superstitions. But the singular part of the matter is the compromise of Dr. Colenso. JHVH and Baal are one, and the former name has no higher origin than the latter. The Israelites, when they entered Canaan, brought no religion with them, as the Bible says they did, but crept in, after the bondage of Egypt, a miserable but numerous aggregate of tribes, which gradually overcame the original inhabitants, and adopted their religion, in the same way that the German tribes embraced, in after ages, the Christianity of the Roman Empire which they conquered. The name JHVH they borrowed from these conquered Phoenician tribes, being another form of IAO, the name of the God of the Tyrians, who became the Baal, or *Lord* of Israel. Thus Baal-worship and JHVH-worship were, in the earliest ages, one and identical—idolatrous and superstitions, until reformed by Samuel. Such is Dr. Colenso's view, which differs essentially from those of Drs. Oort and Dozy, who look on JHVH and Baal as virtually distinct gods, only differing as to the order in which they preceded one another in their acceptance by the Israelites.

But this brings us to the discoveries of Dr. Dozy. It was, of course, always known that the religion of the Mohammedans was based on that of the Israelites ; but that the connection could be traced to the Simeonites of King David's reign was not suspected until Dr. Dozy directed attention to some matters of interest relating to the Sanctuary at Mecca. It is a curious fact that the Simeonites disappear at an early period from the history of Israel. They are not mentioned as having joined Judah and Benjamin on the partition of the kingdom after Solomon's death, although their position, south of both these tribes, could have left them no alternative but to do so, had they been in the land at the time. The

* The Worship of Baalim in Israel. By Dr. H. Oort, Pastor of Santpoort. Translated from the Dutch, and Enlarged with Notes, &c., by the Right Rev. John William Colenso, Bishop of Natal. London : Longmans & Co.

truth appears to be that they emigrated southwards, and established themselves in a portion of the territory of the Amalekites (1 Chron. iv. 39—43). The place was named Gedor, and the original inhabitants, whom they expelled, were Mineans. Of these Mineans the Chronicles further say, that "the Simeonites made a *kherem* of them unto this day, and dwelt in their place." The *kherem* alluded to, Dr. Dozy adduces evidence to show, was a dedication of land, &c., to the service of the Deity; and Arabian tradition points only to one spot which ever bore the name of *kherem*, and that is the holy ground of Mecca. This conclusion is further confirmed by the etymology of the word Mecca, which he considers to be derived from the Hebrew Makkah, denoting smiting, or slaughter, such as the Mineans experienced at the hands of the Simeonites. From these considerations, and also from the facts that the chief deity worshipped in the Temple of Mecca was, up to a late time, named "Hobal," that is, "the Baal," and that Mecca itself was anciently called Gedor-Baal, probably Gur-Baal (see 1 Chron. iv. 39, and 2 Chron. xxvi. 7), that is, the Sanctuary of Baal, Dr. Dozy thinks the proof is complete that the Sanctuary of Mecca had its origin in this immigration of the Simeonites.

In all this Dr. Oort agrees, but not in the conclusion Dr. Dozy draws from it that the early religion of the Simeonites, and therefore of Israel, was the worship of Baal. The design of his volume is to disprove this position, and to show from evidence, and the probabilities of the case, that JHVH-worship was the earliest religion of the Israelites which they received from Moses. There was mixed with this throughout, up to the days of Ahab, a worshipping of stone and tree deities, and probably of satyrs; or the *Baalim* so honoured may have been mediators, like the saints and "Our dear Lady" of Romanism, though adoration paid to these was not considered derogatory from that due to JHVH. Real anti-JHVHistic Baal-worship did not appear until Ahab's reign, when a splendid temple was erected in Samaria by Jezebel, daughter of the Sidonian king, to the Tyrian Baal, Melkarth. Henceforth Baal became the rival of Jehovah in both Israel and Judah, and as such was violently, and at times successfully, opposed, as in the cases of Elijah and Jehu, by the true worshippers of Jehovah.

Such are the views of Dr. Oort, for the particular supposed proofs of which we must refer our readers to the work itself, which, among much that is purely fanciful, contains some interesting speculations, none perhaps more so than those on the religion of the expatriated Simeonites.

THE TREATMENT OF THE IMBECILE.*

The subject of this book is important, if it is not attractive. A glance at the statistics of imbecility will convince many who have not before reflected upon the matter that idiocy is far more frequent than is generally supposed. And then it must be borne in mind that the figures refer only to the pauper idiots, for we have no means of ascertaining the proportion of imbeciles in the wealthy classes, although we have every reason for believing that they are more numerous than would be at first imagined. Setting down the population of England and Wales at twenty millions (19,962,641), we find, according to careful returns, that there are no less than 10,021 pauper idiots among them, or about 1 in every 2,000. But the mere fact that there are ten thousand feeble-minded persons in England who are also poverty-stricken should be quite sufficient to awaken all our sympathies, and to induce us to give every encouragement to those who set about the good work of lessening the misery of these unfortunates. In the volume before us, Mr. Millard and Dr. Duncan have laboured successfully at the task they have set themselves, and their work has a twofold importance from the circumstances that the treatment it advises is *a priori* rational, and that the authors are men of considerable practical experience. We are always afraid of a writer who has a panacea for his hobby, of a man who has one particular remedy which he invariably applies without regard to conditions. We are glad, therefore, to find that our authors do not belong to this class. They do not take up either the mind or the body alone, and bid us cultivate the one or exert the other. Nor do they suggest the adoption of any particular measure; but they give us the fruits of a mature and wide experience in the treatment of the idiotic, and they teach us to pay careful attention to the physical and mental character of the patient, and show us how, by a judicious system of training, to ameliorate the condition of the imbecile, if not to cure them. Training, in the treatment of the feeble-minded is one of the most useful of all measures, and is highly recommended by those in authority. In the report of the Lunacy Commissioners for 1865, we find the following passage:—"The benefits to be derived, even in idiot cases apparently hopeless, from a distinctive system, and from persevering endeavours to develop the dormant powers, physical and intellectual, are now so fully established that any argument upon the subject would be superfluous. The soundness and importance of such views are generally recognised and appreciated, and benevolent efforts are being made in several quarters to carry them into practical operation." Evidently, Messrs. Duncan and Millard adopt this statement as their text, for their book embraces an infinitude of details concerning the various means to be adopted for gradually arousing the sleeping or undeveloped faculties of the imbecile. They divide all idiots into six classes, and recommend

a separate form of treatment for each division:—1. True and profound idiots, in whom there appears hardly a gleam of intelligence. 2. Those having some slight amount of intelligence, who are able to stand and walk a little, and who are often capable of a certain degree of instruction. 3. Those who are able to walk and run, use their fingers, do easy mechanical work, and feed themselves, but whose memory and perception are very weak and variable in power. 4. Feeble-minded children, adolescents, and adults. 5. Those who are born with ordinary intelligence, but whose minds have been injured by epilepsy, water on the brain, &c. 6. Those who are like class 5, but whose brains are chronically diseased. 7. Cases born with hydrocephalus, or in which the disease has been arrested after it has more or less destroyed the power of the brain. 8. Cases of persons who have become idiotic through vice.

The authors admit that there are no well-marked features by which one class may at once be distinguished from another; but they consider this classification useful, though somewhat arbitrary. Under each class there is given the actual history of a number of representative cases, and these are truly wonderful pictures of degraded man, as interesting to the psychologist as to the physician. Of course, in these columns we cannot do more than touch upon the general scheme of management recommended by the authors, and this latter is well-conveyed in the following observations:—"If these unfortunate beings are to be taught anything, it must be by other means than those usually adopted at schools. The system which has been found to answer has much to recommend it: kindness, forbearance, great attention, and gentleness, from necessary parts; and the scheme refers first to the strengthening of the powers of the body and the alleviation of its defects, and afterwards to special teaching of the mind. The mind has to wait, so to speak, until the body has been strengthened. Ordinary children grow in mind and body together, gain self-taught experience, and learn if left to themselves; but the imperfect do not; and the training of the body, which is usually unimportant for the former, is of great consequence for the latter. . . . As the mind glimmers, useful things are to be taught, such as may be of benefit to the child and those around it. The perceptions and gift of imitation should be educated. The memory is not to be troubled much, and the elements of the Christian faith should be taught in a simple manner . . . The instruction must be given simply through the perceptions; the repetition of every task must be constant, and one thing must be well understood before another is attempted to be taught."

The subjects of attendants and nurses, clothing, bathing, drill and gymnastic exercises, speaking lessons, pastimes, temper, and religion, are dealt with fully; and the general results obtained by the authors' method are briefly stated. The book is one which especially commends itself to the notice of those who have to deal with the imbecile, for it is at once sound, elaborate, and intelligible.

COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY MADE EASY.*

THERE flourished in former times an ingenious school of critics (if we may dignify them by the name), who surmounted the difficulties of the study of Hebrew by ignoring the points, thus simplifying grammar, and allowing a great latitude of interpretation. Having thus reduced Hebrew to a vague state, it was not unnatural that they should go farther, and try their method upon what is now called comparative philology. Hebrew they held to be the parent of all other languages, and therefore they set to work to discover traces of a Hebrew origin in the supposed descendants. Disregarding all systematic and scientific comparison of manifestly-related languages, and all indications of enphonic laws of change, they endeavoured to prove a foregone conclusion by similarities either of form or sound, without asking whether they were real, and, if real, whether accidental. The progress of learning has dispelled these mirages. Those who wish to learn Hebrew are now aware that they cannot evade the intricacies of the points, and comparative philology has been rescued from learned triflers, and constituted a science with well-defined principles which are constantly acquiring greater clearness. All, however, do not seem to know these results, and the age that has witnessed the vagaries of Mr. Foster, the would-be translator of the Hymeric and Sinaitic inscriptions, must be mildly patient with the misapplied learning of a follower of Parkhurst. One, indeed, who seriously looks to that most wrong-headed of interpreters as the very ideal of a Hebrew lexicographer, and who seems never to have heard of Gesenius or Fürst, not to speak of Ewald, Bunsen, and Max Müller, is a literary curiosity. Like the seven sleepers who, when at last they awoke, could get no change for their coins of Decius, the man who carries about Parkhurst is furnished with an obsolete currency. We would advise him to take his two Parkhursts to a respectable bookseller, and compare their selling value with that of Gesenius's Hebrew and Schleusner's two Greek Lexicons, and then consider whether the opinion of scholars was not expressed with sufficient distinctness.

The learned and painful Messieurs de Port Royal, who turned Greek grammar into indifferent French verse, were good enough to do the same for the Greek roots. They found for both works a careful English translator, who, from a sense of the fitness of things, or a want of the poetic faculty, rendered their labours into prose. The

* A Manual for the Classification, Training, and Education of the Feeble-minded, Imbecile, and Idiotic. By P. Martin Duncan, M.B., and William Millard. London: Longmans & Co.

* The Primitives of the Greek Tongue. A New Edition. By the Rev. James Prosser, M.A. London: Macintosh.

two volumes had long slumbered on the topmost shelves of the booksellers' shops, until the vocabulary somehow fell into the hands of the Rev. James Prosser, an ardent follower of Parkhurst, who, firmly convinced of the Hebrew origin of all languages, has added to the Greek roots "Hebrew roots, or parallel Hebrew words," as he rather vaguely puts it. The editor hopes thus to aid students of the New Testament. Had he followed Schleusner, and given us the Hebrew equivalents translated by the Greek words of the Septuagint from critical comparison of the versions—not the supposed corresponding roots or words—or had he, on some scientific principle, given a comparative table of roots in the two languages which may be reasonably connected, though, without the Sanskrit equivalents of the Greek roots, this would have been of little value—he would at least have produced a curious work. He has not even endeavoured to distinguish those Hebrew words from which he would derive Greek ones and corresponding words. He does, indeed, start a valuable idea when he suggests that the Hebrew writers of the New Testament may be supposed to have attached Hebrew senses to Greek roots equivalent in the radical signification. We all know what is meant by a Hebraism; but it has rarely been seen how many difficulties may depend on the use of significations of a Hebrew word for a Greek word, to which one or more of them were otherwise unknown.

We cannot say much for the technical excellence of this new edition. An old one, now before us, gives derivatives and significations that could not be introduced into the text, and a second part of rarer roots. The list of English words derived from the Greek is so carelessly retained in the old form that we have still the French family name, Acacia, Asia the Less instead of Asia Minor, Archipelagus, Asile, "Aunt, commonly called or expressed Naunt," the Catadupe of the Nile, Chamoy, or Chamoise, "Diapasm, or pomander," and "Duskish, from ἀσκιος." So close is the copy, that, as the old M. de Port Royal begins his preface "Dear Reader," the new editor adopts the same archaic address.

Mr. Prosser's Hebrew is sufficiently characterized when it is said that he follows Parkhurst. The omission of the points is of little consequence for purposes of comparative philology; but the vagueness of interpolation following on the indolent resolution to have nothing to do with niceties of grammar which cannot be understood without the points, is fatal to accurate lexicography. In fact, the book is satisfactory in no one respect, and should never have been put forth in its present crude state.

THE SCOTCH BANKRUPTCY LAW.*

To those in want of light and refreshing literature we do not take upon us to recommend Mr. Esson's book, nor can we go so far as to say that the author's hard writing makes easy reading. Mr. Esson, however, possesses advantages beyond those of which every fluent writer can boast—a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and a good, hard, matter-of-fact mode of expression by which he conveys his views very clearly to his readers. From his official position he speaks with some authority, and the arguments which he advances possess an intrinsic merit, entitling his views to more than ordinary respect. Still, notwithstanding these advantages, we can scarcely say Mr. Esson satisfies us that the assimilation of the English bankruptcy system to that of Scotland, which he advocates, is the most desirable course to be pursued with a view to escaping from the deplorable state of things in which the tinkering at our Bankruptcy Law has left us.

The Scotch Bankruptcy Law, as indeed the general body of Scotch law, seems to have been originally borrowed from the Romans, and it is almost superfluous to observe that it required considerable alterations to render a system arising from such a source a very satisfactory one. Although the Romans are said, and with truth, to have given law and justice to the world, their commercial law could scarcely demand from any thinking person a high degree of admiration; and necessarily so, for not only were the Romans not a commercial people, but they held both commerce and its devotees in too much contempt—at least, as far as it exceeded the supplying of food to the Roman people—to have especial care in legislating for it. Claudius gave certain advantages to merchants, but it was because of a season of great scarcity of provisions; and, notwithstanding the motive, the populace stopped him in the forum, and entertained him so disagreeably with crusts of bread that he was obliged to get out of their clutches by the back door. Nero, from whose general character people would expect little good, undoubtedly granted certain privileges and immunities to traders; but, so far from an abstract admiration of commerce being the moving cause, the privileges were limited to those who built ships for the importation of corn, capable of holding 50,000 modii. The Romans cared so little for shopkeeping that they left that branch of industry to their slaves and aliens, and, instead of its being a road to honour, not only mechanics of low employment were incapable of holding any dignity in the State, but retail shopkeepers were ranked even below the mechanics. It is almost unnecessary to say that, in all the magnificence of Rome, and notwithstanding the splendour of many unnecessary buildings, there is nothing like a public exchange for merchants to be met with.

Although the influx of trading strangers to Rome required some system of law to regulate the disputes continually arising between

* Notes on Scotch Bankruptcy Law and Practice, with Reference to the Proposed Amendment of the Bankruptcy Law of England. By George Auldjo Esson, Accountant in Bankruptcy in Scotland. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

them, these were at first determined, not by any reference to the strictissimum *jus* of the Roman people, but at the mere discretion of a judicial officer called the *Prætor Peregrinus*, who seems to have administered justice with something of that disregard of legal principles which we often find distinguishing London aldermen of the present day. A system of bankruptcy law of Roman origin would therefore necessarily be of doubtful utility in any country with the merest pretensions to commercial importance; and on this, as it appears to us, rests the fallacy of supposing that we can find in the Scottish system a good model upon which to reform the English. Though we do not pretend to say that at present the Scottish Bankruptcy Law retains any traces of its Roman original, yet, notwithstanding it may work very well in Scotland, where the number of estates in bankruptcy in the year 1862-63 was only 513, and the value under £500,000, it is questionable whether it would answer when applied to our failures, gigantic in their number and amount. The principle of the Scotch system seems undoubtedly a correct one in this, that it permits the curators themselves to wind up the estates under the control of the Accountant in Bankruptcy. English creditors complain of the expense which our bankruptcies involve, and of the carelessness and indifference with which the assets are collected. If, however, matters were put entirely into their own hands, would they attend to them themselves, and complain less? We greatly doubt it.

The old Scotch Bankruptcy law reminds us of a provision in the old Roman law. The Roman creditors, under the *cessio bonorum*, not only divided the debtors' goods between them, but also divided the debtor; that is to say, they actually sold him, and shared the price. There are some of our bankrupts whom their creditors would willingly dispose of in a similar manner; but, in the improbability of their being able to find purchasers, they would probably be obliged to fall back upon actual dissection.

THE MAGAZINES.

A VERY grave question is argued in the first article in *Fraser*, which is entitled "On Prayer in Connection with Certain Public Calamities." The writer begins by stating that he is sitting at home writing on the day of humiliation, while other people are at church; and he proceeds to give his reason for departing in this respect from a religious observance to which many adhere. He disowns any participation in the opinions of modern sceptics, to the effect that natural law is supreme and unswerving, that God does not hear prayer, and that its influence is only on the mind of the person using it. Yet he denies that God is swayed by the supplications of his creatures, and he doubts whether God "interferes with natural law, in the ordinary course of his providence." He thinks, therefore, that in such afflictions as the cattle-plague (which he refuses to regard as a special judgment) we are bound to wait, trustfully and patiently, until the disaster is removed, taking care to help its removal by our own acts. The argument is conscientiously and ably conducted, but it is not, we think, very conclusive, when taken in conjunction with the writer's previous admissions as to the nature and effect of prayer. In the next article, "The English Troops in the East," we find some interesting particulars concerning our army in India, China, Burmah, and Ceylon, the sanitary condition of which, in the writer's opinion, demands the attention of the Home Government. "A Chapter on Clerical Song-writers in the North" is a gossiping paper on the lyrical compositions of Scotchmen, apparently written by a Scotchman in New Zealand; and we have then another article on military matters—"How are European Armies Officered?"—in which an account is given of the French, Prussian, Austrian, and English systems. The essay on "Salons" is based on certain works on society and social leaders, published during the last fifteen years, both abroad and at home: it sparkles with anecdote, and is very amusing. Sir Edmund Head contributes a Northern ballad, called "The Death of Old King Gorm." "Our Commons and Open Spaces" is a statement of the present position of the law with respect to those daily-decreasing lands, concluding with a recommendation that such measures should be passed as will secure them in perpetuity to the people. "Forest Life" is a tale of the New Forest; and the number winds up with some additional chapters of "The Beauclercs, Father and Son."

Macmillan starts with the continuation of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's novel, "Old Sir Douglas"; and we then have a very good paper on "The Education of Englishwomen in the Sixteenth Century," the author of which asks—"Is it unphilosophical to believe that the rich development of character in the high-bred woman of the sixteenth century was due, in great measure, to the amplitude and robustness of their studies?" Lady Duff-Gordon contributes another of her charming letters from Egypt, under the title of "On the Nile," and "L. A. M." writes a critical account of the German poet, Friedrich Rückert, who died a few months ago at the age of seventy-seven. "The Black Cross" is a tale of Bohemia. In the article on the Ex-Queen of the French we have a glowing tribute to the virtues of the illustrious lady who has so recently departed from amongst us for ever. "The Camp in Canada" is a paper on the late military organisation of the Canadian volunteers; and the author of "Cant and Counter-Cant" undertakes a semi-humorous vindication of earnest workers in philanthropy and religion against the objections of the Sadducees—a vindication which has some truth in it, together with a good deal of mis-statement, or half-statement. "Craddock Nowell" progresses, and the poetry of the number fully sustains the reputation for badness which in this respect *Macmillan* has acquired.

The most interesting article in the *Cornhill* is the third part of Mr. Matthew Arnold's essay on "The Study of Celtic Literature." It

abounds in thought and observation, in nice discrimination of national characteristics, and in varied knowledge, expressed in a highly polished and elegant style. Mr. Arnold disputes the commonly accepted opinion that the English race is almost Teutonic, or that at any rate the Celtic element has been so absorbed as no longer to possess any separate or recognisable existence. He admits that the predominating element is Teutonic; but he finds in our national character, in our literature, and in our arts, considerable traces of the German stream having been crossed and in some degree modified by one of Cymric origin. The contrast between the Celtic and Gothic nationalities, and the incidental remarks on the characteristics of the French and Germans, are admirable—perhaps not invariably true, but always suggestive and acute. Another essay in the same number, on "Thought and Language," is too metaphysical for us to attempt to give any idea of it in the space to which we are necessarily limited. "Old Houses" is a piece of pretty and pleasant sentimentalism; "The Old Poets on the Seven Deadly Sins" is a good critical article; and the brief poem, called "In Captivity," is interesting as having been written by Captain Cameron while a prisoner in Abyssinia. It is addressed to Longfellow, and expresses the comfort which the writer derived, when in chains, from the American poet's song, "The Goblet of Life." Some notes touching on the existence of the slave trade along the west coast of the Red Sea, give additional interest to the poem. Besides the continued novels, "The Claverings" and "Armadale," the latter of which is to be concluded next month, the *Cornhill* contains two tales—"The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," and "A Strange Story."

The *Month* has an article on the Rev. Mr. Keble, who is very highly praised because he did his utmost to imbue the Church of England with Papistical doctrine and sentiments, but at the same time gently condemned forasmuch as he did not think fit to join the Romish communion. "His writings," says the critic, "contain very little indeed that is hostile to the Church [we need hardly say the Roman Catholic Church is meant], or positively erroneous, though, of course, he often falls far short of Catholic doctrine." Elsewhere we are told that "his regenerate nature yearned for its true Mother," but that, never having reached the end to which so much in his disposition inclined him, he formed for himself "a poetic church," which the writer is so good as to allow was very pretty, but which of course was far inferior to its prototype. We hope the Puseyites will be gratified by this patronizing way of speaking of one of their most shining lights—a method which is equivalent to saying that Mr. Keble was a good little boy, but, after all, very much in the wrong. The article on "English Premiers" is devoted to Henry Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle; and Part II. of "Sealskins and Copperskins" gives us further details of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and of the efforts of Roman Catholic "missionaries" (not "missionaries," for they are heretics) to Christianize the natives. "Damascus and the Lebanon" is a very agreeable paper in continuation of some which have already appeared in this Magazine on the same part of the East. "The Prisoner's Cry for Justice" is an article on the claims of Roman Catholic prisoners in English gaols to enjoy entire liberty of communion with priests of their own persuasion; and the rest of the number is made up of literary notices and further chapters of "The Windeck Family."

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* contains some remarks on "Religious Education in our National Schools," by one of her Majesty's inspectors, which should be read by all who are interested in the mode in which religion is taught in the institutions in question. "The Religious Symbolism of Precious Stones" is a very entertaining paper on a curious subject; and the other articles, though chiefly bearing on clerical subjects, are agreeably varied, and written in a sufficiently animated style.

The *Dublin University Magazine* again presents us with a collection of very pleasant essays of a quaint and curious character, the subjects of which are, "The Streets of Paris and their Traditions," "Dreams, Omens, and Predictions," "Irish Folk Books of the last Century," and "Cowardice and Courage." Three continued stories, a little poetry, some further "Scenes in the Transition Age from Caesar to Christ," and an article (rather behind the time) on "The Reform Bill," complete the measure of the number.

Mr. J. C. Parkinson continues his revelations of "Casual" life in *Temple Bar*. The narrative is again that of the casual whom Mr. Parkinson found out after considerable trouble, and who is one of those alluded to in the famous article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Referring to that article, the individual in question says:—"The *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the end of the 'Night in the Workhouse,' mentions that some of the things seen in Lambeth were too revolting to put in print, and he reserved them for Mr. Farnall's private ear. There certainly appears to be something hidden in this, and it might have occurred when I was asleep; but I can say that I have been in a good many workhouses, and have been awake at all hours at different times, and I never saw anything worse than the language used, which is always filthy in the extreme. The practice in some workhouses of putting the casuals all together without partitions cannot be too strongly reprehended. But, as I stated before, that particular workhouse-night at Lambeth is not always so; quite an exception." The "casual's" summing up of vagrant-life is to the effect that "begging is a very poor substitute for work;" and Mr. Parkinson insists on "the absolute necessity of enforcing a task of work from all vagrants receiving food and shelter." Among the other articles is one on a subject which, as we have seen, is also treated in *Fraser*, viz., "Wastes and Commons," for the preservation of which immediate measures are strongly urged.

The first of the steel plates in the *Art Journal* is a striking engraving by Mr. R. Graves, A.R.A., from the picture by Noel Paton, of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini, the unhappy lovers celebrated by Dante and other poets. They are represented reading, in a garden, that celebrated romance about the illicit loves of Launcelot and Guinevere

which had so painful a bearing on their own mutual position. The soft glimmer of a crescent moon blends with the last dying light of day, and touches the trees and the vegetation of the garden with a mild and mysterious lustre. The plate is extremely charming, and quite spoils our taste for the rather vulgar conventionalism of Mr. Nash's "Maypole," engraved by Mr. Cousen. The third steel engraving is a sculpture subject—"Monument to Major-General the Hon. Robert Bruce," engraved by R. A. Artlett, from the original by Foley. Among the woodcuts are three subjects by Jean Francois Portaels, the Belgian painter. In the literary contents of the number we miss the "Cestus of Aglaia," but the other continued papers appear as usual. The subject of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's reminiscences is Thomas Campbell.

The poets and the travellers occupy the larger portion of this month's *Argosy*. Alexander Smith, Robert Buchanan, Isa Craig, Arminius Vámberi, J. Ruffini, and others, poeticise, and criticise, and relate; and Mr. Charles Reade continues "Griffith Gaunt," and Mr. Anthony Trollope tells an Irish story—"Father Giles of Ballymoy." In *London Society*, Mr. Mark Lemon pursues his series of articles, "Up and Down the City Streets;" and "The Merchant Princes of England" are still being made the subjects of examination and eulogy. The illustrations are much as usual; but Mr. Du Maurier's sketch, "Second Thoughts," is absolutely astounding for ugliness and wanton defiance of nature. The *Victoria Magazine* has an article on "Frederika Bremer in the United States and Cuba," a very amusing and sensible sketch called "A Little Music," some stories, and the usual articles on subjects connected with the social position of women. The *St. James's Magazine* goes on with Miss Braddon's story, "The Lady's Mile," and, for the rest of its contents, is light and entertaining, though we would suggest that it is venturing a little out of its depth in writing on Socrates. In *Good Words* we find an interesting paper on the Andaman Islands, the convict settlement for India, some appropriate remarks on "Weather of May," an account of the "Village Hospitals" instituted during the last few years in various parts of the country, and several other papers, entertaining or instructive. The *Sunday Magazine*, as usual, is full of articles with a direct religious character; and in the monthly part of *Once a Week* we are presented with such a multiplicity of good things in every department of literature that we must be content with simply referring the reader to them.

We have also received the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Boy's Own Magazine*, the *Boy's Monthly Magazine*, the *Household*, the *Floral World*, the *Cottage and Artisan*, the *Young Englishwoman*, the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, the *Family Friend*, *Our Own Fireside*, and *Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper*.

SHORT NOTICES.

Idylls from the Sanskrit. By Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A., Principal of the Sanskrit College, Benares. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)—So very little is known by the English public generally of the characteristics of Sanskrit literature, that any work unveiling to us, though but imperfectly, the treasures of a language once spoken by the people of Hindostan in the early ages of the world, and still revered by scholars as the root of many European tongues, and as being in itself remarkable for strength, richness, and subtlety, is an addition to our libraries which we are glad to receive. But the volume before us does not appear to be the most satisfactory contribution of the kind that might have been made. It is obvious from the translator's own admissions that he has been chiefly bent on writing a book that would be agreeable to English readers. He has rendered his originals "freely;" has condensed and omitted, and picked and chosen, as seemed best to him; and has evidently thrown a certain western polish and conscious literary art over the eastern wildness. Notwithstanding the numerous local allusions, we do not seem often to lose sight of Europe. This is much to be regretted, for the great value of such literature is in its dissimilarity to that with which we are familiar. Still, the poems for which we are indebted to Mr. Griffith are well worth reading, even as they stand. Their Oriental origin, however much disguised, is nevertheless apparent; and the East is as eternally interesting and mysteriously beautiful as the day-dawn itself is eternally and mysteriously fair. We should have been better pleased had Mr. Griffith prefaced his translations by some account of the Sanskrit poems from which they are derived. The brief notes at the close of his volume are but a poor substitute for the information which he might have conveyed in an Introduction, and which is greatly wanted by the unlearned reader for the complete understanding and enjoyment of what is here set forth. We should thus have been better able to judge how far the translations depart from their originals, and might have brought to bear upon the work of Mr. Griffith's hands a more intelligent curiosity. As it is, we grope somewhat in the dark; yet we see enough to excite our interest. The versions given are from Kálidásá's "Raghuvansa" or "Children of the Sun," an epic poem; from the same author's "Birth of the War-God" and his poem on the Seasons; from Valmiki's "Rámáyana"; and from the "Mahábharata." Mr. Griffith's verse is often smoothly commonplace in its cadences and its diction; but at times the eastern fire breaks through, and at once illuminates and warms the page. The story of "Aja" is a very pretty love-tale; "Sítá" reminds us of the charming old English ballad of "The Nut-brown Maid"; and the semi-lyrical poems, "The Rains" and "Autumn," contain some agreeable painting of natural scenery. The fragment called "Mother and Son," from Kálidásá, has in it a touch of nature, though conventional and poor in the phraseology:—

"Soon as the tents were reached, each royal chief
Found his sad widowed mother, bowed by grief;
Like two fond creepers, left to pine alone,
Dead the fair tree round which their arms were thrown.
Then, as in tender love each hero prest
His long-lost mother to his throbbing breast,

Scarce could her eyes, with long, long weeping dim,
See through her gushing tears, see even him :
But, as he fell upon her neck, she smiled,
And by his touch the mother knew her child."

The volume is very handsomely bound, with devices in gold, which at any rate look Indian, if they be not really so.

Inconsistency: Real and Apparent. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on the Fourth Sunday in Lent, 1866, by John Gibson Cazenove, M.A., of Brasenose College; Vice-Provost of the College, Isle of Cumbrae, Scotland. (Rivingtons.)—The object of Mr. Cazenove's sermon is to show that the inconsistencies often observable in men's characters and actions are not necessarily the result of hypocrisy, or of utter and determined wickedness, but are frequently referable to nothing more than the common imperfection of our nature. The writer, of course, does not deny that hypocrisy really exists; but he inclines to the charitable hope that, in many cases, the contradictions that are seen in the same character between virtue and vice are simple frailty, and should not be taken as indicating a general corruption of mind and heart, cloaked by an insincere covering of fair-seeming professions. We believe there is a great deal of truth in this; and, as it is a view not commonly taken, we are glad to see it here put forth. The charge of hypocrisy is too often resorted to as a rough and ready way of accounting for contradictions which are indeed remarkable, but by no means unusual; yet the method is unsatisfactory on philosophical grounds, besides being uncharitable; and it would be well if the considerations so well urged by Mr. Cazenove were more frequently borne in mind.

The Contemporary Review. May, 1866. (Strahan).—The contents of the last number of this intellectual, but rather heavy, review are—"Philosophy and Theology," by the Rev. Professor Mansel; "M. Montalembert and the Origin of Monasticism in the East and West," by the Rev. W. C. Lake, M.A.; "Ecce Homo," by the Rev. Edward T. Vaughan, M.A.; "Ancilla Domini: Thoughts on Christian Art," Part II., by the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, M.A.; "Schubert and Chopin," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis; "Recent Geographical and Historical Progress in Zoology," by the Rev. H. B. Tristram, M.A.; and short notices of books. The subjects, it will be seen, are chiefly theological; and we must say it strikes us that the publication is being a little over-weighted. But, if its readers think otherwise, it is not for us to quarrel with them.

The Eclectic for May (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder) contains articles on Baron von Wolzogen's "Life of Raphael," on Victor Hugo's "Travailleurs de la Mer" (which is very highly praised), on various works bearing on the history of the Papal dominion, on "The Arguments for the Being of a God," and on the late Mr. Keble, who, with certain drawbacks, is highly praised by his Evangelical critic.

We have also received a *Handbook to Government Situations, or the Queen's Civil Service considered with Reference to Nomination, Mode of Appointment, and Pay, with Examination Papers, and Specimens of Handwriting extracted from the Reports of the Commissioners* (Stanford);—*A Few Hints as to Proving Wills, &c., without Professional Assistance, by a Probate-Court Official* (Sampson Low, Son, & Marshall);—*British War Medals, and other Decorations, Military and Naval*, by J. Harris Gibson (Stanford)—a comprehensive account of the State acknowledgements of service in the face of the enemy;—a fourth edition, revised and enlarged, of Mr. Francis C. Massingberd's history of *The English Reformation* (Longmans & Co.);—a shilling edition of Mr. Disraeli's novel, *The Young Duke* (Warne & Co.);—a new edition, in one volume, of Mr. Alexander Smith's *Summer in Skye* (Strahan);—the *Standard Arithmetical Copy Book* and the *Ready Writer*, both included in "*Stevens & Hole's School Series*" (Longmans & Co.);—Part XXXV. of *Photographic Portraits of Men of Eminence*, containing photographs of Sir John Bowring, Professor Phillips, the geologist, and Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes (A. W. Bennett);—No. III. of *The True History of a Little Ragamuffin* (S. O. Beeton);—Part IX. of the new edition of Brande's *Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art* (Longmans & Co.);—Part XXXIV. of Mr. Watts's *Dictionary of Chemistry* (Same Publishers);—and No. XLIV., New Series, of the *Autographic Mirror* (Ive).

PROFESSOR OWEN AND THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—From any opinion of my works which you may do me the favour to express, I should not presume to appeal; but I may trust to your fairness to admit a correction of a mis-statement of fact whereby you might influence your readers as regards myself. You cite a passage from the work reviewed, April 28, 1866, and ask "whether it is not actually an admission of the Darwinian theory." No naturalist can dissent from the truth of your perception of the essential identity of the passage cited with the basis of that theory, the power, viz., of species to accommodate themselves, or bow to the influences of surrounding circumstances.

Had the date of the publication of the passage illustrating this principle by the fable of "the oak and the reed" been that of the work (1866) in which you suppose it to have first appeared, it would have been "an admission of the very principle" communicated by Mr. Wallace to the Linnean Society in 1858, and embodied in Mr. Darwin's work on Natural Selection in 1859; and I should have been indebted to your forbearance from comment on the tacitness of the "admission."

If, however, you or any of your readers will refer to the 4th Volume of the "Transactions of the Zoological Society," there will be found in a Memoir, No. IV., *On Dinornis*, communicated February, 1850, and published in the same year, the theory of the extinction and conservation of species including the passage beginning—"the actual presence of small species," &c., which you quote. In that exposition of my theory—arguing against Buffon's—of the origin of species by degeneration, I speak of those faring better "in the contest which, as a

living organism, the individual of each species has to maintain against the surrounding agencies" (l. c. p. 15): in the elementary work of 1866, I use the briefer expression "in the battle of life." That is all the difference.

I am not a member of any party or clique in science. I try to keep as free as may be from the fashion or turn of thought of the day in reference to any theory or principle worthy of close consideration as to the accuracy and adequacy of its sustaining facts and reasonings. But, as a matter of common justice or fair-play, if the difference between 1858 and 1866 puts the writer of the latter date in the subordinate relation of "admitter" or "adopter"—tacit or otherwise—to the author of the same theory at the earlier date, the writers of 1858 and 1859 must stand in such relation to the author of the same theory of 1850.

Much depends on the way in which a new view is set forth, as respects its popular recognition and discussion of merits. Mine was addressed to readers "fit but few," in an out-of-the-way scientific quarto, which may well excuse its having escaped the notice of my reviewer.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
London, May 1, 1866.

RICHARD OWEN.

[We have much pleasure in inserting Professor Owen's courteous and temperate letter, although we have failed to discover the "mis-statement of fact" to which he refers. So far from asserting that the Professor was a "Darwinian," we distinctly stated that he repudiated the theory of Natural Selection. At the same time, we asked whether the passage referred to was not a distinct admission of the Darwinian theory. To this query Professor Owen has now replied. Whether what he says will satisfy those who understand the subject, we shall not determine. So far as we can gather from his communication, he denies the Darwinian doctrine, admits the accuracy of its basis, and claims to be the first to point out the truth of the principle on which it is founded. Professor Owen, however, must do us the justice to believe that we are as familiar with his memoir on *Dinornis* as with those in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1837, and in the "Proceedings of the Linnean Society" for 1857.—ED. L. R.]

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ANOTHER scrap concerning the second volume of the French Emperor's "Life of Cæsar" is supplied us by a Paris correspondent. He says the publication of the second volume is officially announced. "The Imperial Printing-office has already despatched sample copies to the Tuilleries. Correcting the proof-sheets of this volume has occupied but five months, whereas correcting those of the first volume took one year. M. Anselme Petetin has had the responsibility of overseeing the printing of this volume, and to guard against any fragments being surreptitiously copied and published prematurely in the papers, he established a workshop in a remote part of the hotel, and removed thither a certain number of picked men, who, after their day's work, delivered the completed sheets over to him, to be placed, till next morning, under lock and key. Only a small number of these copies has been struck off at the Imprimerie Impériale. They are intended for the Emperor's private distribution."

"George Eliot," the author of "Adam Bede," has just finished a new novel, which will shortly be published by the Messrs. Blackwood. The title is to be "Felix Holt the Radical," and the time, the stormy period of the first Reform Bill.

The various balloon experiments of M. Nadar, the famous Parisian photographer, have resulted in a small volume, which the English translator styles, "The Right to Fly." M. Nadar considers that all existing styles of locomotion will be deemed obsolete in a few years, when a more perfect system of aërostation shall have been discovered.

Another May-day has gone by, but the work relative to the ancient customs and festivities formerly observed upon this day has not yet made its appearance, although a gentleman of antiquarian tastes promised such a book a long time since. Some people now conjecture that there is a great deal of hidden meaning in these May-poles, and that a kind of historical parallel exists between them and the famous Round Towers of Ireland. In ancient times there were some very strange systems of worship, and remnants of these various methods of adoration have descended to our times in relics that have long since lost their primitive meaning. The horse-shoe, which the peasant now hangs against the stable-door, is thought to be nothing more than an ancient emblem, often displayed by the Romans, to drive away the evil-eye—i.e., the incantations of Satan. Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," devotes a considerable space to the pastimes and customs of May-day; but the opinions of modern students are very different from his upon the subject.

In a recent discussion upon the proper place of the negro in our social scale, one writer asks if a reliable portrait of the celebrated General Toussaint l'Ouverture can anywhere be seen, and another replies that a company is being formed in London to cultivate the Haytiens estates of Toussaint l'Ouverture, and that a full-length portrait of this extraordinary man, now in the possession of the Count de Fleury, and presented to him by Madame l'Ouverture, the widow of the General's eldest son, will ornament the board-room of the "Haytiens Coffee and Estates Company," where those interested in the subject may examine it at their leisure.

An immense stock of engraved Music Plates and Copyrights is about to be sold by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. It consists of no less than 50,000 separate musical works, and very recently formed a portion of the stock of Messrs. Metzler & Co., the music publishers of Great Marlborough-street. Mr. Metzler, senior, has just retired, and

Mr. Chappell—a name well known to the musical world—will enter the new firm as a partner. The catalogue of this vast stock makes a volume of 240 pages.

The North-Eastern Railway are making a third attempt to reach the Kimmeridge clay-beneath the bed of the River Derwent, at Malton, in order to put in foundations of a new viaduct. It has already been reported that, at a depth of thirteen feet (ten feet of clay and three feet of sand), a human skeleton was found, of which the skull is now in the collection of the Rev. W. Greenwell, of Durham, and that the only clue as to date (the skull being typeless) lay in the fact that in an adjoining hole, at the same depth, an earthen vessel was found, very rudely hand-made, entirely unornamented, fashioned like British ware, but burnt as hard as Roman. Since the excavations have been resumed, a pair of bone pins, formed from splinters of the femoral bone of a deer, and about six inches in length, have been found, indicating the body with which they were found to have belonged to a period anterior to the use of metal to fasten the dress.

An interesting volume of American folk-lore is announced for publication in New York—"The Legends of Long Island," by W. A. Chandos Fulton. It is said that the stories in this work are founded on the quaint and beautiful legends with which this State abounds. The foundation of the stories is Indian, but the incidents given are those which attended many of the first settlers in their struggles against the Red Men.

Mr. Noel Humphreys has contributed an excellent paper—partly biographical, partly critical—upon Gustave Doré and his numerous works, to the current number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It contains many particulars about this popular artist which will be read with interest by his admirers. We believe a very full biography of M. Doré is in preparation by a gentleman in the country. Photographs or copies of all his finest designs are to be given, including some of Philippon's caricatures, executed by Doré when little more than sixteen years of age. The artist himself will assist the writer with facts concerning his career as a book-illustrator and as a painter. The illustrations recently designed by him for Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" comprise, it is said, some of M. Doré's happiest creations. English engravers are already, we believe, engaged upon them.

A strange story of an ink-mine is told in a Californian newspaper. The writer says that a party has recently arrived at Los Angeles, from the vicinity of Buena Vista Lake and the oil springs there, having in his possession a bottle containing "a mineral substance very much resembling crude petroleum, but without any smell, and possessing all the qualities of fine writing fluid." Several experiments were made by different persons, and all pronounced it an excellent quality of ink, or writing fluid. "We dipped our pen in the fluid, and wrote several lines, and could not distinguish the difference between it and the best writing fluid now in use. When first used, the colour is a deep, rich black, but, after exposure to the air, the colour moderates a little, still retaining a good and, to all appearance, durable colour." A company is said to be in course of formation for the purpose of testing the discovery.

One of the peculiarities of the great International Exhibition to be held in Paris next year will be a grand restaurant, or rather series of restaurants, each one to represent the *cuisine* of a different nationality, and in which the waiters are to have the distinct costume of the country represented. A correspondent, speculating upon these different refreshment rooms, says:—"The Englishman will expect to have his roast beef and ale; the Yankee his pork and beans, buck-wheat cakes, and green corn; the Dutchman his sauerkraut; the Spaniard his *olla caldo* and *dulces*; the Italian his maccaroni; the Esquimaux his blubber; and the Chinaman his rice and bird's nests—perhaps, in a quiet way, a rat or so. As a large space will be devoted to the Polynesians, some very curious culinary preparations from that quarter of the globe may be looked for."

A new weekly paper, the *Official Review*, begins its career on Saturday. It is to be an organ of the Civil Service, and its supporters are gentlemen connected with some of the highest offices of State.

Mr. Charles H. Sweetster, lately editor of the *Round Table*, the best literary journal in America, has just resigned the conduct of that paper to his brother's care, whilst he himself superintends the issue of a new Evening Paper in New York, which will, we understand, be the American counterpart of our *Pall Mall Gazette*. Will its title be the *Fifth Avenue Gazette*?

The new story by the author of "Adam Bede," &c., will be published early in June, with the title of "Felix Holt, the Radical," in 3 vols. It is understood that the story will be in the author's old vein of descriptions of life in the midland counties.

Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood says he is "not the author of that foolish book, 'Ecce Homo!'" Copies of the work have reached America, and at the present moment there are no less than three different editions in preparation there. Messrs. LIPPINCOTT & Co., whose agent has just returned from a visit to this country, are about to issue a supply of the English edition published here by Macmillan.

To the house next Sir Joshua Reynolds's old studio in Leicester-square, Mr. Robert Hardwicke, the scientific publisher, is about to remove from his present abode in Piccadilly.

In the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. James Russell Lowell "takes the President in hand in a new 'Biglow Paper' of considerable length, and the old pungency. He prefixes an argument as ludicrous as the piece itself."

Mr. Washington Moon's strictures on Dean Alford's "Queen English," which Mr. Moon entitles "The Dean's English," has just reached a fifth edition, containing some additions by the author.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's story, "Armadale," will be concluded in the next number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and a new story by the author of the "Story of Elizabeth," will be commenced in the July number.

Messrs. RIVINGTONS have just issued, in a thick pamphlet, the authorized Report of the Church Congress held at Norwich last autumn. The report is edited by the Rev. Hinds Howell, and the speeches and essays have been corrected for this publication by the various writers and speakers. The same house have in the press:—"The Acts of the Deacons, a Commentary, critical and practical, upon the notices of St. Stephen and St. Philip the Evangelist contained in the Acts of the Apostles," by Edward Meyrick Goulburn, 1 vol.; a third edition of "Sermons preached on Various Occasions," by the same author, 1 vol.; &c.

Mr. BENTLEY's list for May and June includes the following works:—"Up the Country, a Journal of a Tour in the Upper Provinces of India," by the Hon. Emily Eden, author of "The Semi-Attached Couple," and "The Semi-Detached House," 2 vols.; "The Life of the Marchioness Giulia Faletti of Baiolo," by Silvio Pellico, author of "Le Mie Prigione," translated by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, 1 vol., with portrait; "After the Storm, or Brother Jonathan and his Neighbours in 1865-6," by J. E. H. Skinner, Barrister-at-Law, author of the "Tales of Danish Heroism," in crown 8vo.; "Charles Townshend, Wit and Statesman," by Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., author of "Charles Lamb: his Friends, his Hanns, and his Books," &c., 1 vol.; "The Naturalist in Vancouver's Island and British Columbia," by John Keart Lord, late Naturalist to the British North American Boundary Commission, 2 vols., crown 8vo., with many illustrations; "All in the Dark," by J. Sheridan Le Fanu, author of "Uncle Silas" and "Guy Deverell," 2 vols., post 8vo.; and "Paul Pendril," a new sporting novel, in 1 vol., post 8vo.

Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT announce the second and concluding volume of Miss Meteyard's "Life of Wedgwood," with 200 illustrations; "The Memoirs and Correspondence of Field Marshal Viscount Combermere," 2 vols.; "Prison Characters, drawn from Life," by a Prison Matron, 2 vols.; "The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada," by Major W. Ross King, 1 vol., with numerous illustrations; "The Beautiful in Nature and Art," by Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England," 1 vol.; "Sir Owen Fairfax," by Lady Emily Ponsonby, 3 vols.; &c.

Messrs. HOULSTON & WRIGHT will publish immediately, "Anecdotes and Stories of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," now first collected and arranged.

Mr. BAILLIERE will publish this week the second edition of Prof. Ganot's "Elements de Physique," revised and enlarged by Dr. Atkinson, of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, with more than 100 new woodcuts and a coloured plate.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish this month:—"The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources," by Samuel White Baker, in 2 vols., with maps, numerous illustrations engraved on wood, from sketches by Mr. Baker, a chromolithograph frontispiece of the Great Lake from which the Nile flows, and portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Baker, beautifully engraved on steel; also Homer's "Iliad," a new translation, by Sir John Herschell; the Globe edition of the "Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott," with biographical preface by Francis Turner Palgrave; &c.

Messrs. HUNT & Co. will publish immediately, "New Testament Millenarianism," by the Bishop of Carlisle, 1 vol.; and "Mind your Rubrics, or What are the Directions of the Church on Points of Ritualism?" by James Bardsley.

Mr. ALEXANDER STRAHAN will publish on the 12th instant a first volume of "The Critical English Testament, being an adaptation of Bengel's Gnomon, with numerous notes, showing the precise results of modern criticism and exegesis," edited by the Rev. W. L. Blackley, M.A., and the Rev. James Hawes, M.A. The same house has in preparation "The Boyle Lectures for 1866," by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A.; "How to Study the New Testament," by Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury; "The Prophet Jonah, His Life and Mission Illustrated and Applied," by the Rev. Hugh Martin; "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects," by Sir J. F. W. Herschel, Bart.; "The Treasure-Book of Devotional Reading," by Benjamin Orme; "Biographical Studies," by Bessie Rayner Parkes; "The Higher Education of Women," by Emily Davies; and numerous other works.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co.'s list of new publications includes, "The Crown of Wild Olive," by Mr. Ruskin; "Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War"; "The Home Life, or Thoughts on the Christian Idea of Home"; "The Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc, called 'The Maid,'" by Harriet Parr, author of "In the Silver Age," &c., 2 vols.; "The Mystery of Pain, a Book for the Sorrowful"; "All for Love," by the author of "The Heiress of the Blackburnfoot," 2 vols.; &c.

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, an experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post-mortem examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are—cold feet, tight clothing, constive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labour or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close room into the air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence, many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.—*American Paper*.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Addison (Col. H. R.), *Paris Social.* 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Arnold (Rev. T. K.), *First Hebrew Book.* 3rd edit. 12mo., 7s. 6d.
 Bell (C. D.), *Hope Campbell.* New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Bell & Dalby's Pocket Volumes.—*Shakespeare*, edited by T. Keightley. Vol. VI. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
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 Chronic Monasterii S. Albani, by H. T. Riley. 8vo., 10s.
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 Landels (Rev. W.), *The Gospel in its Various Aspects.* New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
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 Wilkins (H. M.), *Manual of Latin Prose Composition.* 5th edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
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 Young (C. F.), *Fires, Fire Engines, and Fire Brigades.* 8vo., £1. 4s.

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Gates open at 2 o'clock. Bands from 2 to 7 o'clock.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5, PALL MALL EAST (Close to the National Gallery), from NINE till SEVEN. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d.

WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

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